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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

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of *The Review* will contain papers on a wide variety of topics by writers in many different sections of the country. For subsequent issues the following are some of the

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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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## MARTIAL, THE EPIGRAMMATIST

About twenty miles to the west of Saragossa, in that part of Spain now known as Aragon, there was in the first century after Christ a small country town which has since disappeared from the map. It was known as Bilbilis. The name is obviously un-Roman, and, as a matter of fact, the place was no doubt a Celtiberian fortress as far back as the days when the Phœnician adventurers swept the seas and Rome herself was nothing but a small village on the bank of the Tiber. As befitted its origin Bilbilis was perched high up on the edge of beetling cliffs — *acutis Pendentem scopulis*, as the Christian poet Paulinus of Nola described it. At the foot of the precipice ran the small but bustling stream of the Salo, the water of which was supposed to impart a sovereign temper to steel. For that reason the principal industry of the town was the manufacture of hardware,—for the most part, weapons of war.

The inhabitants of the district were an amalgamation, more or less complete, of Roman settlers, generally military veterans, with the descendants of those Celtiberian troopers who, two hundred and fifty years before, had harried Italy from the Po to the Sicilian Straits, and had done no small part in rendering the name of "Hannibal the Dread" a useful adjunct of nursery discipline until late in the Empire. The average denizen of Bilbilis still took an un-Roman delight in hunting and fishing, his inky locks were disposed to be stiff and rebellious after the manner of his forbears; but those stormy days had long since passed away, the power of Rome was supreme, and the profound peace of distance and obscurity had reigned for generations in this

remote corner of the world, where, perhaps, the only sound that interfered with the stillness of nature was the tinkling of anvils in the armories near by.

The fame of such a place, if it ever becomes famous at all, is usually due to accident. Such was the fortune of Bilbilis. The renown of this little village rests entirely upon a single event—a strictly family matter—which took place there on the first of March in the year 39 or 40 of the Christian Era. On that day, Flaccilla presented her husband, Valerius Fronto, with a son. The boy was called Marcus Valerius, and to commemorate the month in which he was born the cognomen was added of *Martialis*. He was destined to become the greatest of Roman epigrammatists,—indeed, if we may believe Lessing, the greatest epigrammatist the world has ever produced.

Martial's parents belonged to the old Celtiberian stock, and were distinctly well-to-do for that neighborhood. He describes their house as plain and unconventional, but overflowing with rustic cheer. This home and the country round about, its forests of oak, its echoing gorges, its lonely mountain tarns, its icy streams and springs, its snow-capped sierras, to all which the poet reverts again and again, were the setting of an unusually healthful and happy childhood, the golden memory of which never left him. After more than thirty years in the world's capital he could still recite all the local industries of Bilbilis with the characteristic pride of a small townsman. He was as proud of his Celtiberian strain as any Virginian could be of the blood of Pocahontas. He even loved to dwell upon the old barbarian place-names of his native land, those oddly uncouth words which, like our own 'Walla-Wallas' and 'Popocatepetls,' are the lonely monuments of an elder race rising here and there in the midst of a newer civilization.

It was only such surroundings as these that could have given Martial that fund of buoyancy and nerve force, that strength and poise of mind and body, which amid the deadly routine of his long years in Rome was destined to keep him alive and human. Indeed, it would be hard to say how far the man's unerring yet sympathetic vision of the realities of life, how far his ability to steer clear of the various literary and social illusions, insinceri-



ties, and artificialities so characteristic of his time; in short, how far his most striking qualities as a man and as an author were fostered and strengthened by this close contact with genuine nature and the simple honest folk among whom his early life was passed.

But although Bilbilis was remote from Rome, it was not remote from cultivation. At that time Spain was in the zenith of her influence at the capital and of her prosperous activity at home. Martial's province of Hispania Tarraconensis supported some of the finest schools in the Empire, and his parents saw to it that their son received the best education available. "Which was utter folly on their part," he remarks in an epigram written nearly forty years later: "What have I gained by consorting with professors of literature and oratory in these days when an ex-shoemaker can become a millionaire?"

One ought not to take an epigrammatist too seriously; and at all events when the youth of twenty-three set out for Rome to seek his fortune he was undoubtedly filled with energy and enthusiasm. And few young provincials ever began a career in the great city under more favorable conditions or with fairer hopes for the future. In his position all depended on patronage. Here Martial was peculiarly fortunate. He could number among his patrons the great Spanish house of the Annæi, at that time represented by the three brothers, Seneca the philosopher, Junius Gallio, who as proconsul of Achæa presided at the trial of Paul the apostle at Corinth, and lastly, Annæus Mela, father of Lucan the poet. Still another patron was Gn. Calpurnius, head of the famous patrician house of the Pisones.

But at the very hour of Martial's arrival the shadow of imminent disaster had already fallen upon these men. In April, 65, the tragic discovery of the Pisonian Conspiracy swept away not only all Martial's friends, but also many others among the best and greatest of the State. It was clearly a stunning blow to the young man just from the Provinces. His friends were gone, new friends had to be made, and his Spanish blood was no longer a passport.

The next fifteen years were among the most eventful in Roman history. They contained the spectacular death of Nero and with

it the end of Cæsar's line, the awful year of the three emperors, and the accession of the Flavian house. But so far as the life of Martial is concerned this period is a complete blank. It may or may not be significant that he himself makes no reference to it. Nevertheless, we know that our keen-eyed, quick-witted on-looker from the Spanish countryside was acquiring every day a perception of the sights and humors of the great capital, and that he was rapidly losing his illusions, if he ever had any; in short, that he was laying the foundation of his future career. In fact, we know that he actually made some essays in the department of epigram which years afterward, much to the poet's dismay, were republished as a speculation by Pollius Quintianus, an enterprising Macmillan of Domitian's time.

For us, however, the first appearance of Martial as an author was in the year 80, when Titus dedicated the Coliseum with a brilliant series of games and entertainments. The so-called *Liber Spectaculorum* which now stands at the head of our modern editions was originally written by Martial for that occasion and addressed to the emperor. Most of the epigrams in this collection are pot-boilers; but they brought their author to the notice of the court, and such was in reality their principal object.

Two honors came to the poet as a result. One was the *ius trium liberorum*, that is to say, the special privileges granted by law to any Roman citizen who was the father of three children. The value of it to Martial was the fact that he was henceforth exempt from that law of Augustus which forced a bachelor into matrimony whether he liked it or not. The second honor was a titular position as a *tribunus militum* by virtue of which the poet was raised to the rank of a Roman knight. The principal advantage of it to Martial appears to have been the fact that whenever he attended the theatre he now had the privilege of a seat in the first row back of the orchestra. He never received any more substantial recognition than this from either Vespasian or Titus. Both emperors encouraged literature. But, unfortunately, Vespasian had a close fist and Titus a short life.

The so-called *Xenia* and *Apophoreta* were published four or five years later by Martial's bookseller Tryphon. They afterwards formed an appendix to the *édition définitive* and are now

numbered as Books 13 and 14. *Xenia* were presents given to guests during the Saturnalia. *Apophoreta* were the presents given to the guests at dinner parties, and, as the name implies, were intended to be taken home. It was usual to accompany these Christmas presents, *Xenia*, and these dinner souvenirs, *Apophoreta*, by a verse or two. The two books of Martial supply the verses for appropriate presents on such occasions. It will be seen that they were designed to meet the wants of those who were not adepts in the polite art of turning a distich. Like the obituary poetry of the *Baltimore Sun*, these distichs of Martial could be kept on hand and dealt out as needed. The fact that he ever bored himself with composing them suggests that one of his recurrent attacks of poverty was upon him. Indeed, as he himself says to his reader: "The *Xenia* in this slim little booklet can be bought for four nummi. You may have 'omnis turba,' the whole gang of them for twenty cents. Is that too much? Well, Tryphon can afford to knock off fifty per cent. He would be making money at it even then. You can present these distichs to your guests instead of a gift,—si tibi tam rarus quam mihi nummus erit, if pennies are as far apart with you as they are with me."

But a better time was now at hand. Books 1 and 2 appeared in 86, and from that time he published at the rate of about one book a year until his return to Spain. Book 12 appeared in 102, three years from that date. Shortly after came the poet's death, and then a second edition of Book 12, which is the one we now possess.

During the fifteen years that followed the publication of Book 1, Martial was one of the best-known men in the Empire. "The other day, Rufus," he says in one of his epigrams, "a certain man looked me all over with the thoroughness of one who intended to buy me for a slave or train me for the prize ring. After he had gazed at me and had even felt of me for some time, 'can it be,' he cried, 'that you really are that famous Martial whose jests and lively sallies are known to every one who does not possess a downright Dutchman's ear?' I smiled a little and with a slight nod admitted that I was the person whom he had named. 'Why then do you wear such bad cloaks?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I am such a bad poet.'"

At the time his third book was published Martial had retired to Forum Corneli in Cisalpine Gaul. "If any one asks you," he says, "why I went, tell him I was worn out with my empty round of duty calls at the houses of the great. If you are asked when I am coming back you may say that I was a poet when I left, I shall return when I have learned how to play the guitar."

With the single exception of this one visit which was not as long as he had expected, thirty-five continuous years of Martial's life were spent in Rome. Even summer resorts were not to his liking. Among other things they were beyond the depths of his purse. He tried it once at Baïæ (1, 59). "The baths," he says, "are excellent. But man cannot live on baths alone. My one dole a day [35 cents from his patron] was mere starvation down there. I prefer the suburbs with regular meals and the natatorium."

At the time his first book was published the poet had rooms in the third story of a house which faced the laurels in front of Agrippa's portico on the west side of the Quirinal. After 94, during the days when he was best off, he had a small house of his own near the temple of Quirinus. In spite of his various ups and downs he managed to keep his little country place at Nomentum until he finally left Rome. It was dry and unproductive. He once asked Domitian for permission to tap the aqueduct which ran near by, but was refused. Domitian liked his poetry and once invited him to dinner, but it is somewhat to the poet's credit that he never received any substantial recognition from Domitian. Of course Martial's country place was expensive. Those who have watched the steady rise in prices during the last few years will not fail to see the point of the following epigram (viii, 61):—

Charinus pines with envy, bursts with spite,  
He weeps, he raves, indeed, the rumor goes,  
When once he finds a branch of proper height  
He means to hang himself and end his woes.

Because my epigrams are said and sung  
From Thebes to Britain, Cadiz to Cathay?  
Because my book fares sumptuously among  
The thousand nations neath the Roman sway?

Oh no. My country place just out of town,  
The span of mules I own, — Dame rumor saith  
These be the things that cast Charinus down,  
These be the things that make him dream of death.

What curse invoked repays such envy best?  
Severus, what's your judgment of the case?  
My own in just nine words may be expressed:  
I wish him this; my mules, my country place.

Martial, however, spent his summers there, and as he himself tells us, it was at all times of the year his frequent haven of refuge from the bores and the noisy streets of Rome.

With his universal fame and his numerous patrons he must have had a very comfortable income for several years. His references to his poverty are, no doubt, often exaggerated. The most of us are not in the habit of underestimating our poverty. Moreover, we must remember that poverty had always been, and still is, a traditional theme of the epigram. When Catullus, for instance, who owned a yacht and a country place, tells us that "his purse is full of cobwebs" we do not take him too seriously. Poverty, however, is comparative, and doubtless Martial often found it something of a struggle to make both ends meet. Rome in the first century was quite as expensive as New York in the twentieth century. Martial also had many rich friends. But, above all, he was one of those men who are constitutionally unable to save anything. When he finally decided to return to Spain the younger Pliny, to whom he had once written a very pretty little poem, sent him his travelling expenses. It was characteristic of Martial that after thirty-five years of hard work in Rome he really needed the money.

This was in 98. The assisted death of Domitian had occurred in 96. His successor, the aged Nerva, a former patron of Martial's, had just passed away and the formal accession of Trajan had closed another volume of Roman history. It was the volume to which the best of the poet's life belonged. The Empire had had her last fling under Domitian. But she was already near the period of wrinkles and lithia tablets, and now she entered upon her *âge dévot* under the care of such family physicians as Trajan and Hadrian and of such family chaplains as Juvenal and Tacitus. At this juncture Martial was some-



what in the position of a playwright under the Commonwealth or of a 'regular' after one of our political cyclones. He may have made one or two faint attempts to swing into line. But his heart was not in it. The times had changed and it is not easy to begin life anew at sixty. Moreover, the splendid vitality which had made him Martial had been sorely taxed. It is worth noting that the boredom of calls, the noisy streets, the inability to sleep, and those other inconveniences of urban life to which the third satire of Juvenal is devoted are, in Martial's case, confined for the most part to the last two or three books. For example, when he was asked by one of his rich friends why he retired so frequently to his country place, Martial replies in his own characteristic fashion (xii, 57): "There is no place in Rome where a poor man can either think or rest. One cannot live for bakers' mills before daylight, schoolmasters at daylight, and brass foundries all day long. Here an idle money-changer rattles his pile of copper coins on his dirty counter, there, a beater of Spanish gold belabors his stone with his polished mallet, the fanatic gang of Bellona's priests never cease from shouting, nor the clamorous sailor as he carries a piece of the ship upon which he says he was wrecked, nor the little Jew whose mother has taught him to beg, nor the bleary-eyed vendor of matches. Many indeed are the murderers of sleep. 'Tis all well enough for you, Sparsus, in your palace, your *rus in urbe*, your country place within the city walls. But as for me, I am roused anon by the laughter of the passing throng. All Rome is at my bedroom door."

The baker's mill has yielded to the trolley car, the priests of Bellona to the Salvation Army, but the description has lost none of its force—especially, for those who have ever had the opportunity to compare the rural stillness of London at eight in the morning with that insane clatter which in every Latin town begins promptly at dawn and never lets up until well into the small hours of the following night.

But strongest of all, perhaps, was that longing for the old Spanish countryside which had always haunted him. Years before when his friend and countryman Quintilian was urging him to practise law—the profession for which his education had

fitted him—Martial's characteristic reply had been: "No, let me really live while I may. No one is ever too soon in getting about it. What are wealth and station if we must put off living until we acquire them? I am not ambitious. Give me,—'tis all I ask,—

A homely house, with ease the rule of life,  
A natural lawn, a spring not far away,  
A well-fed slave, a not too-learned wife,  
Sound sleep by night and never a quarrel by day."

We may be sure that more than one memory of his boyhood home was suggested to Martial by these lines. Indeed, I suspect that the "not too learned wife," like the ideal helpmeet of many another incorrigible old bachelor, was, in reality, a replica of his mother. However that may be, Martial found friends and patrons in Bilbilis who made rest and retirement possible. Notable among them were Terentius Priscus and, especially, the lady Marcella, who gave him a small place upon which he was enabled to live as he had desired.

Several epigrams in Book 12 show that, at first, he thoroughly enjoyed the change. But if he had cherished the illusion—as he actually appears to have done—that he would continue to enjoy it, he was soon to be undeceived. The golden memories of the past can always glorify the gray realities of the present; but the horizon of youth is not the horizon of age, and the dial of Time will not turn backward.

Martial's awakening is seen in his preface to Book 12. The hurry, bustle, and activity of the city had wearied him, but he had been in the midst of it for a generation and, after all, it was his life. Above all, he missed the intellectual stimulus of the great capital, the libraries, the theatres, the social gatherings, the cultivated reading public. Epigram was the work of his life, and the possibilities of Bilbilis for epigram were soon exhausted. Moreover, he had little in common with the average denizen of Bilbilis. And it is easy to guess how the average citizen of Bilbilis looked upon Martial. Indeed, the poet himself complains of the "*municipalium robigo dentium*," as he calls it, "the backbiting that goes on in a country town." "What I get," he says, "is envy, not a genuine critic,—and in a little

insignificant place one or two disagreeable people are a host. In the face of that sort of thing I find it hard to keep in a good humor every day." "Marcella," he acknowledges in another place, "is the only one who can give me back the city again." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in this last book of Martial's very few of the epigrams suggest Bilbilis. Most of them hark back to the home and the scenes of his prime.

In a poem written on his fifty-seventh birthday (x, 24) he had expressed the hope of living until seventy-five. With the constitution and the temperament which nature appears to have given him he was justified in believing that he might live even longer than that. But it was not to be. The long tension and the high pressure of a metropolitan existence so like our own, the sudden relief from it in the afternoon of his day, the cessation of the paramount interests and occupations of a lifetime,—all these things are peculiarly trying to the physique. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that Martial died soon after the publication, in 102, of his last book. He was barely sixty-four.

I know of no ancient writer whose personal character has been more bitterly assailed by modern critics of a certain class. I know of few who have deserved it so little. We may say at once, that all Martial's faults are on the surface. Otherwise, many of his critics never would have discerned them at all. The just and sympathetic appreciation of an ancient author demands a much larger background of knowledge and experience than seems to be generally supposed. It is, of course, obvious that, first of all, before attempting to criticize an author one ought to read his entire works with care and understanding. In the case of a man like Martial, one must also be thoroughly acquainted with all the conditions of his life and times: one must know all about the history of the antique epigram as a department, one must be able to realize the peculiarities of the Latin temperament as such and make due allowance for them.

For example, most prominent and most widely circulated—indeed, with many persons, the only association with the name of Martial—is the charge that both in subject and in language his epigrams are offensive to modern taste. To a certain extent this is true. We should add, however, that Martial himself

cannot be held responsible for it. The conventional tradition of the epigram demanded that a certain portion of one's work should be of this character. That in Martial's case the peculiarity is more the result of this convention than of individual taste is shown by the fact that it does not run through his entire text. On the contrary, it is confined to certain epigrams and those epigrams do not represent his best and most characteristic work. Lastly, the proportion of these objectionable epigrams is by no means as large as the majority of people appear to suppose. The text of Martial contains 1555 epigrams. The Delphine edition of 1660 excluded 150 of this number. The standards of another age and a different nationality would probably exclude about 50 more. All told, hardly a seventh of the total. This leaves more than 1200 little poems into which anyone may dip without hesitation, and on this residuum Martial can easily support his claim to be called one of the wittiest, one of the most amusing, and at the same time one of the most instructive, writers in any period of the world's history.

Martial's flattery of Domitian is a charge easily disposed of. Flattery of the reigning emperor has been the rule since Augustus. By this time it was almost as conventional as our titles of nobility. What do these mean when we interpret them literally? Moreover, Martial is outdone not only by his predecessors but, which is more to the point, by his graver contemporaries, Statius and Quintilian. Still more to his credit is the fact that he did not revile the memory of Domitian after his death. Finally, we must remember that Martial was a Spaniard and a provincial. Why should he care about Domitian's vices or virtues or about his moral fitness or unfitness to be a Roman emperor?

The third and, on the face of it, the most serious charge against Martial is his relation to his patrons. To state the matter baldly as well as briefly, it is Martial's idea that his patrons owe him a living and if he has reason to think that they are forgetting it he does not hesitate to refresh their memories. For instance, he frequently reminds his readers in general and his patrons in particular that a poet is a person who needs money. Again, he makes pointed reference to the depleted con-

dition of his wardrobe. Once, he reminds Stella that unless he is moved to send him some new tiles the farmhouse at Nomentum will have to go on leaking as before.

Now all this is unpleasant to us, but we must not forget that as a matter of fact Martial's patrons actually did owe him a living. Such were the habits and standards of his time, the accepted and unavoidable conditions of his life. That life was the life of a brilliant provincial who came to the city without an independent fortune and chose literature as his profession. Nowadays, the most of us are familiar with the idea that an author is entitled to a share in the success of his book, that he draws his income for literary work from that source. But this idea was not generally entertained until the nineteenth century and our recent experience with the law of international copyright shows that the idea is still rudimentary in many minds. In antiquity, therefore, unless an author possessed independent means his only alternative was patronage, and until 1800 patronage was the general rule of literature.

The relation of client to patron was an ancient and honorable institution in Roman society. There was nothing to criticize in the relation of Vergil and Horace to Mæcenas and Augustus. And at the time of his death Vergil possessed not less than half a million in our money. But whatever Vergil was worth, the bald fact remains that practically all of it was acquired by gift. It was only through the generosity of a patron that a poor author could secure the leisure for literary composition. In return, he undertook to immortalize his patron in his works. He also attended him in public from time to time, he went to his regular morning receptions, and if his patron invited him to dinner he made himself agreeable. In short, he made every return in his power for the favors he had received or hoped to receive.

It will easily be seen that this relation, like the fee to the waiter, was peculiarly liable to abuse. The pages of Martial, Pliny, and Juvenal show how much it had deteriorated by the time of Domitian. Both sides were to blame. Prices were outrageous and wealth the standard of life. The rich were largely the descendants of dishonest nobodies and with habits, tastes, and views to match, the poor had lost their pride, their inde-



pendence, their spur of ambition. Each class despised the other and each class was justified in it. Both Juvenal and Martial tell us that men of birth and education, men of high official position, even men with fortunes of their own were not ashamed to take the *sportula* (originally the basket of food for the day, now the dole of money) given to those who had made the regular morning call. One is reminded of the retainers of a noble house in the Middle Ages or of the poor courtiers under the old regime in France and England.

Not pleasant, this custom—but it existed, and Martial in paying court to a patron was only following the universal rule of his time. He had the further justification of necessity, and it is also clear that he made all the return for it in his power. Indeed, it was characteristic of the man, and all things considered, rather to his credit that he insisted upon the business aspect of it, and refused to pretend that it was anything else. So far, therefore, from severely criticizing Martial's relation to his patrons, it seems to me that in a situation which he could not avoid and for which he was not responsible, he showed himself a better man than most of his contemporaries would have done under the same conditions.

It was a hard, uncertain, Bohemian sort of life in many respects. But to a certain degree Martial was himself a genuine Bohemian. The type is excessively rare in the annals of Roman literature. The one other striking example whom I now recall is that brilliant old reprobate Furius Bibaculus. Martial's combination of improvidence and gaiety is distinctly Bohemian. He also seems to have had the peculiarly attractive personality by which that temperament is sometimes accompanied. At any rate, his epigrams show not only that he knew everybody in Rome who was worth knowing, but that few men as great as he have at the same time been so universally liked by their contemporaries. Some of Martial's best epigrams are to his friends. In one of his last poems (xii, 34)—it is addressed to Julius Martialis, whom he had known and loved for four and thirty years—the poet closes by saying: "If you would avoid many griefs and escape many a heartache, then make of no one too dear a friend. You will have less joy, but will also have less sorrow."

This can only be the observation of a man who has had real friends and has really loved them.

Another attractive side of his nature was his evident devotion to little children. I content myself with a single illustration. This is his epitaph for Erotion, a little girl belonging to his household who died at the age of six. Martial, who was then a man of nearly fifty, was deeply affected by the loss of his little favorite. The poem, which is one of three devoted to her memory, recommends the child to the care of his own parents, who had long been dead—a touchingly naïve conception quite in harmony with antique methods of thought, but inspired with a simple and homely tenderness for which there are few parallels in the annals of literature (v, 34):—

Dear father and dear mother: Let me crave  
Your loving kindness there beyond the grave  
For my Erotion, the pretty maid  
Who bears these lines. Don't let her be afraid!  
She's such a little lassie — only six —  
To toddle down that pathway to the Styx  
All by herself! Black shadows haunt those steeps,  
And Cerberus the Dread who never sleeps.  
May she be comforted, and may she play  
About you merry as the livelong day,  
And in her childish prattle often tell  
Of that old master whom she loved so well.  
Oh earth, bear lightly on her! 'Tis her due,  
The little girl so lightly bore on you.

Lines like these help us to understand why under continual provocation he could still be patient with a fussy, dictatorial, old slave who was utterly unable to realize that the boy he had spanked forty or fifty years before had now arrived at years of discretion.

The only contemporary reference to Martial which has happened to survive is found in the passage of Pliny, to which I have already alluded. He describes the poet whom he knew as "acutus, ingeniosus, acer,"—clear-sighted, clever, shrewd. And truly, as a keen observer of men and things, Martial has rarely been equalled. The world of Rome was an open book before him. He read the text, fathomed its import, and wrote his commentary upon it in brilliant and telling phrases and in a literary form of which he was undoubtedly the master.

But after all, the mainspring of Martial's character and career, the real secret of his abiding greatness as an epigrammatist, is found as soon as we learn that he possessed the quality which Pliny calls *candor*. *Candor* means frankness, genuineness, sincerity. It was one of the highest tributes to character that a Roman could pay.

Here we have, according to Pliny's showing, a man who was witty, yet kindly, who was clear-sighted, yet tolerant, who was shrewd, yet sincere. This is the character of one who is never blind to the true proportion of things. And, as a matter of fact, a sense of proportion, a conception of the realities as applied to life, conduct, thought, art, literature, style, everything, is the leading trait of Martial's character, the universal solvent of his career and genius. All is expressed in *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*,—*nil nimis*,—"avoid extremes," that phrase so characteristic of antiquity, the summary of its wisdom and experience, its most valuable contribution to the conduct of life.

So it was that in spite of his surroundings and associations Martial remained simple, genuine, and unaffected to the end. In an age of unutterable impurity he had no vices. In an age of cant, pedantry, affectation, and shams of every sort and description he was still true to himself. In an age as notable for exaggeration as is our own, Martial knows that strength does not lie in superlatives. He tells us again and again in his own characteristic fashion that the secret of happiness has not been discovered by the voluptuary nor the secret of virtue by the ascetic. The present is quite good enough for him, to live it heartily and naturally as it comes, to find out what he is best fitted to do, and then to do it—this is the sum of his philosophy. It is true enough that most friendship is mere feigning. But there are real friends. Let us, therefore, bind them to us with bonds of steel. It is true that life is hard and bitter. But we have to live it. Let us, therefore, find the sunshine while we can. In v, 58, he says [Cowley's translation]:—

To-morrow you will live, you always cry.  
In what far country does this 'morrow' lie,  
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?  
Beyond the Indies does this 'morrow' live?

'Tis so far-fetched, this 'morrow,' that I fear,  
'Twill be both very old and very dear.

"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say:  
To-day itself's too late,—the wise lived yesterday.

The sentiment is as characteristic of antiquity as it is of Martial. Not very elevated, perhaps, but Martial is not a reformer. Like most men of the world he is generally indifferent on the subject of other people's vices. He is not an enthusiast, for he has no illusions. Nor is he a man of lofty ideals. But he is natural and sensible as he is witty and brilliant. Therefore he was in harmony with his own days, and would have been equally in harmony with ours. For if Martial seems so intensely modern it is not because he has advanced beyond his own time. It is because he is universal. Martial is a cosmopolitan poet and, with the single exception of Menander, the most pronounced example of the type in all classical antiquity.

The prose preface to Martial's first book indicates very clearly some of his views with regard to the sphere and character of the epigram. It also illustrates the man. "I trust," he says, "that the attitude I have maintained in these books of mine is such that no reasonable man can complain of them. They never make their fun at the expense of real people, even of the humblest station,—a thing quite absent from the old epigrammatists. Those men not only attacked and vilified people by their real names but also attacked people of consequence. I do not care to buy fame at such a price. My witticisms contain no innuendoes. I want no malicious commentators who will undertake to rewrite my epigrams for me. It is unfair to be subtle in another man's book. For my free plainness of speech, that is, for the language of the epigram, I should apologize if the example were mine. But so Catullus writes, so Calvus, so Pedo, so Gætulicus, so everyone who is read through. Still, if there is anyone so painfully Puritanical that in his eyes it is unholy to speak plain Latin in a book, he would better content himself with the preface or, better still, with the title. Epigrams are written for those who attend Flora's entertainments. Cato should not come into my theatre. But if he does come in let him take his seat and look on with the rest."

Perhaps I ought to add, by way of explanation, that the theatrical performances regularly given at the spring festival of the Floralia were proverbial for their gaiety and license. Once upon a time, the younger Cato, a proverb of Stoic virtue and gravity, went into the theatre during this festival, but finding that his presence put a damper on the occasion, he walked out again. The Stoics of the Empire were never weary of repeating this anecdote of their patron saint. We might expect a man of Martial's temperament to detect the essential ostentation of such a performance. Witness the closing words of his preface:—

Pray tell me, when you knew 'twas Flora's holiday,  
With all the license, all the sport expected then,  
Why, Cato, came you stalking in to see the play?  
Or was it that you might go stalking out again?

So, too, referring to the theatrical way in which the contemporary Stoics preached and practised their favorite doctrine of suicide, Martial says (i. 8, 5-6): "I care nothing for a man who buys fame with his blood—'tis no task to let blood. Give me the man who can deserve praise without dying for it." That the ostentatiousness of the proceeding was the cause of his criticism is shown by the fact that he yields to none in his admiration of real heroism where real heroism is needed. Ostentation in vice is quite as repellent to him. "Tucca," he says, "is not satisfied to be a glutton, he must have the reputation of it."

All goes back to his doctrine of *Nil nimis*,—temperance in the real meaning of the word. Neither virtue nor happiness is compatible with excess of any sort. Writing to his friend Julius Martialis, he says [x, 47, translated by Fanshawe]:—

The things that make a life to please,  
Sweetest Martial, they are these:  
Estate inherited not got;  
A thankful field, hearth always hot;  
City seldom, lawsuits never;  
Equal friends, agreeing ever;  
Health of body, peace of mind;  
Sleeps that until the morning bind;  
Wise simplicity, plain fare;  
Not drunken nights, yet loos'd from care;



A sober, not a sullen spouse;  
 Clean strength, not such as his that plows;  
 Wish only what thou art, to be;  
 Death neither wish nor fear to see.

It is extremely difficult to reproduce the exquisite poise and simplicity of Martial's style and thought. No one knew better than he how hard it was to write good epigrams. "Some of your tetrastichs," he says to one Sabellus (vii, 85), "are not so bad, a few of your distichs are well done. I congratulate you — but I am not overpowered. To write one good epigram is easy, to write a bookful is another matter." To those who insisted that no epigram should exceed the length of a distich, his characteristic reply was (viii, 29): "If a man confines himself to distichs his object, I suppose, is to please by brevity. But pray tell me what does their brevity amount to when there is a whole bookful of them?"

Everyone knows his famous judgment of his own work (i, 26):—

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura  
 Quæ legis hic: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

Good, fair, and bad  
 May here be had.  
 That's no surprise!  
 'Twere vain to look  
 For any book  
 That's otherwise.

So good a criticism of books in general and of books of epigrams in particular that one might almost be excused for overlooking the fact that Martial himself is really an exception to his own rule. At any rate, no one has written so many epigrams, and at the same time has contrived to produce so many good epigrams. It is clear that he was one of those rarest of men who have resolution enough to throw their bad work into the wastebasket.

So far as they illustrate the life of contemporary Rome, many of Martial's themes are also to be found in the letters of that literary Bostonian of antiquity, the younger Pliny. They are, likewise, the same which Juvenal worked into his satires twenty years after — when Domitian was safely dead. Each of these three has pictured the situation from his own point of view. It

was Martial who really saw it. So far as that situation applies to our own life, much has always been familiar, some has grown familiar during the last decade, and the remainder will probably come home to us with the advancing years of the twentieth century.

A marked feature of this age was the feverish production of literature. One may say without exaggeration that it was really the fashion to write books. In fact, the situation politically and socially was such that for an ambitious Roman of birth and education, literature was one of the few avenues to fame which was still open. No wonder Juvenal and Martial believed that neither literature nor learning was a paying investment. "There are quite too many persons of quality in the business," he says in one place, "and who ever knew an author who was interested in other people's books?" "Of course [x, 9], one may become famous through one's books. I myself, for example, am well known all over the Empire,—almost as well known, I may say, as *Andræmon*, the race-horse!"

But although literature may bring fame it never brings a large income. "I understand, *Lupus*," he says in another epigram (v, 56), "that you are debating on the best training of your son. My advice is, avoid all professors of literature and oratory. The boy should have nothing to do with the works of Vergil or Cicero. Let him leave old Professor *Tutilius* to his own glory. If he makes verses disown the poet. If he wants to follow an occupation that will pay, let him learn the guitar or the flute. If he proves to be dull, make an auctioneer of him or an architect."

The business of an auctioneer was despised, but it was proverbially lucrative. Hence the point of the following epigram (vi, 8):—

Two prætors, seven advocates,  
Four tribunes and ten laureates,—  
Such was the formidable band  
Of suitors for a maiden's hand.  
All twenty-three approached her sire,  
All twenty-three breathed their desire.  
Father dismissed that deputation  
Without a moment's hesitation,  
And straight bestowed his daughter dear  
On *Eulogus*, the auctioneer.

Of course, we hear a great deal about the deadly *recitatio* and all its attendant horrors, such as the amateur poet, the admirable Crichton in literature, etc., etc. The ostensible and legitimate object of the *recitatio* was to allow an author to read his work to his friends and get their criticisms of it. But this unfortunate invention of Vergil's friend, Asinius Pollio, had become literally pestiferous by the time of Domitian, and more especially for its inordinate length and intolerable frequency. Martial speaks in all seriousness of the entire days which politeness or policy often obliged him to waste on these things. Pliny attended them religiously. But then, Pliny performed all the functions of his life religiously. Moreover, Pliny was himself an author. He was, therefore, as Horace said, an 'auditor et ultor,'—in a position to get even now and then by giving a reading himself.

Martial is only too well acquainted with all the types. Here is Maximus (viii, 76) who begins his reading by saying that he has a bad cold. "Why then do you recite?" inquires Martial solicitously.

"Gallicus," he says in another epigram (viii, 76), "you always say, 'tell me the exact truth about my poetry and my oratory. There is nothing which I would rather hear.' Well, Gallicus, listen then to the great truth of all. It is this: Gallicus, you do not like to hear the truth."

It is needless to remark that Martial did not have Pliny's love for the *recitatio*.

"Mamercus," he says (ii, 88), "you wish to be considered a poet, and yet you never recite. Be anything you like, Mamercus, provided you don't recite!"

Of course, the reader often gave a dinner to his hearers. But in Martial's opinion such dinners are quite too dear at the price. In iii, 45, he observes: "They say the Sun god turned backward that he might flee from the dinner of Thyestes. I don't know whether that is true or not. But I do know, Ligurinus, that I flee from yours. I don't deny that your dinners are sumptuous, and that the food you furnish is superb. But absolutely nothing pleases me so long as you recite. You need not set turbot and mullet before me, I don't care for mushrooms, I have no desire for oysters. Just be still."

The most important and characteristic feature of Roman social life was the dinner party. Martial accepted the invitations of his patrons as a matter of course, and it is inconceivable that a man of such unrivalled wit and social qualities could have failed to be in constant demand elsewhere. Between the two, he probably saw as much if not more of this side of life than any other man of his time. No wonder he did not live to be seventy-five in spite of his temperate habits!

Nothing has been added to Roman experience in the methods of giving a dinner. Singing, for example, music, vaudeville, and the like, which some of our wealthy contemporaries are just beginning to discover, were already old when Martial began his career. His own opinion is (ix, 77) that "the best kind of a dinner is the dinner at which no flute player is present." Doubtless there are some in these days who will agree with him.

But of all the persons one met at these large entertainments the best known and the most frequently mentioned is the professional diner-out, the 'dinner-hunter.' One of Juvenal's best satires is devoted to this character. But not even Juvenal can surpass Martial's observation of this specific type of dead-beat. "Some of these people carry off as much food as they can conceal in their napkins. The next day they either eat it themselves or sell it to someone else. They try to make you believe that they don't care to dine out, but this is false. Others, on the contrary, swear that they never dine at home, and this is true,—for two reasons."

But the Nemesis of the dinner-hunter is the stingy host. The stingy host has many ways of displaying his really remarkable ingenuity. He can blend good and bad wines, he can give a different wine to his guests from that which he drinks himself—though he sometimes tries to conceal it by giving them poor wine in good bottles. He can allow his guests the privilege of watching him eat mushrooms. Or if he does give them something good he may give them so little of it as to be merely an appetizer. Such, for example, is Mancinus, who set out one poor, little, unprotected boar for no less than thirty hungry men. Or the stingy host never invites a man except when he knows that he has a previous engagement. Again he furnishes handsome

decorations at the expense of the dinner, or he gives a poor dinner and tries to excuse himself by abusing the cook. You will observe, however, that these persons are only niggardly with other people. In their own pleasures they are extravagant enough.

The strangest type, however, are those who are too stingy to do anything even for themselves. A curious anomaly, the miser. Here is Calenus, for example. Calenus never became stingy at all until he had inherited a fortune and could afford to be generous. The twin brother of the miser is the spendthrift, and they are both alike in their inability to realize the value of money.

One of the most tedious duties of a client was the necessity of presenting himself at the daily receptions of his patrons. These took place regularly at daylight. On the whole, it was the heaviest burden of Martial's life in Rome. He often complained that his literary work was sadly interfered with by this duty. And there is no real affection in it, he says. Some patrons, for instance, insist upon having all the titles. Nor is there much profit in it. The only ones who get anything are the rich, or those persons who know too much about their patron. And as for the sportula it is so small and so poor that foreign competition for it is quite discouraged. For example, there was my countryman Tuccius (iii, 14):—

Poor Tuccius, quite starved at home,  
To seek his fortune here in Rome  
Came all the way from Spain.  
But when he reached the city gate  
He heard about the dole,—and straight  
Went posting back again.

No one knows better than Martial all the possible varieties of the genus Millionaire. The type which we have recently named the migratory rich is nothing new to him, and his comment is, that "a man who lives everywhere lives nowhere." He knows the sort who cherish a high temper, "because it is cheaper to fly into a passion than it is to give." Another one gives but he never ceases to remind you of the fact. . . . He knows the wealthy invalid and recommends, free of charge, one dose of



real poverty. Nor does he fail to observe the rich upstart who is forever trying to steal a knight's seat in the theatre or who attempts to get into society by changing a too-significant name. Mus is a small matter—as Horace says, 'ridiculus mus.' But observe what a difference it makes between Cinnamus, the ex-slave, and Cinna, the patrician.

Martial devotes more than one caustic epigram to that large class in Rome who lived beyond their means—"in ambitiosa paupertate," as his friend Juvenal puts it—eking out what they lack by all sorts of shifts and hypocrisies, the mere counterfeit presentment of wealth in an age of high prices and vulgar ostentation. Most hopeless of all is the semi-respectable person, too indolent to work, too self-indulgent to be independent.

"You say you desire to be free [ii, 53]. You lie, Maximus, you do not desire it. But if you should desire it this is the way. Give up dining out. Be content with *vin ordinaire*. Learn to smile at dyspeptic Cinna's golden dinner service. Be satisfied with a toga like mine. Submit to lower your head when you enter your house. If you have such strength of mind as this, you may live more free than the Parthian king."

Nor are the fortune-hunters forgotten (ii, 65): "Why are you so sad?" says Martial to his acquaintance Sollianus. "Why indeed! I have just buried my wife." "Oh great crime of Destiny!" Martial cries with exaggerated sympathy, "Oh heavy chance! To think that Secundilla is dead—and so wealthy too—she left you a million sesterces, didn't she? My broken-hearted friend, I cannot tell you how much I regret that this has happened to you."

No new observations have been made on the various professions since Martial's day and, surely, no classical scholar would venture to guess how long it has been since anything new has been contributed to the theme of lovely woman.

"Diaulus [i, 47] began as a doctor. Then he became an undertaker. Really, a distinction without a difference. In either case he laid us out."

"In the evening Andragorus supped gaily with me. In the morning he was found dead. He must have dreamed that he saw Dr. Hermocrates!"

"The artist [vi, 54] who painted your Venus, must have intended to flatter Minerva." The point of this criticism is seen as soon as we recollect that the only time Minerva ever contended in a beauty-show was on that memorable occasion when Paris was umpire and gave the prize to Venus. Perhaps Martial was justified in his suspicion that if the severe and unapproachable goddess of wisdom was sufficiently human to enter such a contest she was also sufficiently human to enjoy seeing her victorious rival so dreadfully caricatured by the artist.

"All of Fabia's friends [viii, 79] among the women are old and ugly to the last degree. Fabia thoroughly understands the value of background."

To Catulla, fascinating but false, Martial says (viii, 53):—

So very fair! And yet so very common?  
Would you were plainer! Or a better woman!

Which is really far superior to Congreve's famous song which ends:—

Would thou couldst make of me a saint,  
Or I of thee a sinner!

Many of Martial's best epigrams may be grouped under the head of character sketches. So many of these men are quite as familiar to us as they were to him eighteen centuries ago.

Here is Cinna (i, 89) who takes you aside with a great air of mystery to tell you that "it is a warm day."

Here is Laurus (ii, 64) who all his life has been intending to do something great but has never been able to decide what it shall be.

We all know Nævolus (iv, 83). Nævolus is never polite or affable except when he is in trouble. On the other hand, we also know Postumus (ii, 67). Postumus is the painfully civil person. If he saw you from a merry-go-round he would say "how do you do" every time he passed.

And which one of us has failed to meet Tucca (xii, 94), the Admirable Crichton, the Jack-of-all-trades, the man who knows it all? Tucca always reminds me of the Welsh Giant in my old copy of Jack the Giant-killer. Whenever you have done anything he at once lets you know that "Hur can do that hursel."

Poor Tom Moore, among his titled friends, finds his prototype in Philomusus (vii, 76), of whom Martial says,—

Delectas, Philomuse, non amaris,—

["You divert them, Philomusus; you are not an object of their regard."]

Another type is represented by Linus (vii, 95). Linus is the affectionate person with a long beard and a cold nose who never misses the chance of kissing you on a winter's day. "Pray put it off," Martial cries, "put it off, until April!" These kissers, these 'basiatores,' as he calls them, were the poet's *bête noire*. "You cannot escape them," he complains (xi, 98), "you meet them all the time and everywhere. I might return from Spain, but the thought of the 'basiatores' gives me pause."

One other familiar type in Rome was also the poet's especial dislike. This was the 'bellus homo,'—the pretty man, the beau.

"Pray tell me," he inquires of Cotilus in iii, 63, "what is a 'bellus homo' anyhow?" "A bellus homo," Cotilus replies, "is one who curls his locks and lays them all in place; who always smells of balm, forever smells of cinnamon; who hums the gay ditties of the Nile and the dance music of Cadiz; who throws his smooth arms in various attitudes; who idles away the whole day long among the chairs of the ladies, and is always whispering in someone's ear; reads little billets-doux from this quarter and from that and writes them in return; who avoids ruffling his dress by contact with his neighbor's sleeve; he knows with whom every body is in love; he flutters from entertainment to entertainment; he can give you to the uttermost degree every ancestor of the latest race horse." "That, then, is a bellus homo. In that case, Cotilus, a bellus homo is a monstrously trifling affair."

Sextus, the money lender (ii, 44), hates to say no but has no intention of saying yes:—

Whenever he observes me purchasing  
A slave, a cloak, or any such like thing,  
Sextus the usurer— a man, you know,  
Who's been my friend for twenty years or so,  
In fear that I may ask him for a loan,  
Thus whispers, to himself, but in a tone

Such as he knows I cannot choose but hear :  
 "I owe Secundus twenty thousand clear,  
 I owe Philetas, thirty thousand more,  
 And then there's Phœbus—that's another four,  
 Besides, there's interest due on each amount,—  
 And not one farthing on my bank account!"  
 Oh strategem profound of my old friend!  
 'Tis hard refusing when you're asked to lend;  
 But to refuse before you're asked displays  
 Inventive genius worthy of the bays!

Of a fascinating but moody friend Martial says (xii, 47, translated by Addison):—

In all thy humours whether grave or mellow  
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,  
 Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,  
 There is no living with thee or without thee.

It is high time, however, for me to bring this imperfect sketch of Martial and his work to a close. I have said nothing of the history, form, and style of the antique epigram. One should be well acquainted with them in order really to understand and appreciate Martial. I have also said nothing of his supreme position in the later history of his department. His influence on the English poets is a large chapter by itself. So, too, a few of his happy phrases still linger in cultivated speech. But, so far as I know, only one of his epigrams, as such, has penetrated our popular consciousness. This is i, 32:—

Non amo te Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare :  
 Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

An epigram which through some anonymous translator of the seventeenth century is responsible for the proverbial jingle:—

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
 The reason why I cannot tell :  
 But this I'm sure I know full well,  
 I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

I have also said nothing of Martial's occasional tenderness, of his frequent touches of real poetry, and of many other important matters. I trust, however, that I have succeeded in giving some idea of the scope and character of his genius.

Not altogether a pleasant period, those evil days of Domitian. It is always saddening to watch the long senescence of a great

nation. But after dwelling in the gloom of Tacitus, after being dazzled by the lightning of Juvenal's rhetoric, it is well for us that we can see that age in the broad sunlight of Martial's genius, that we can use the keen and penetrating yet just and kindly eyes of one who saw it as it really was. And bad as it may have been, there was at least a large reading public which was highly cultivated, and the great traditions of literary form and style were still intact. Patronage was unpleasant enough, but I fancy that one could find authors in this age who would prefer the slavery of patronage to the slavery of the modern descendant of Scott's "Gentle Reader."

However that may be, the genius of Martial was the genius of one who knew how to write for time, and time has justified his methods. As he himself said, "his page has the true relish of human life." And in its essentials human life is unchangeable. Thus it was that the first and last great poet whom the Provinces gave to the literature of Imperial Rome could also take his place among the few who have written for all men and for all time.

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## WHY MARLOW?

"A man who sat apart from others, with his face worn and clouded, but with quiet eyes that glanced straight, interested, and clear." So Marlow first appears to Lord Jim, and to readers of Conrad. And those who have known the narrator of *Lord Jim*, of *Youth*, of *Heart of Darkness*, and last, of *Chance*, have felt the spell of that "veiled glance" of his, akin to the glittering eyes of another Ancient Mariner. For Marlow's hearers, too, are not only compelled, but compelled even against their will; like the Wedding Guest, they "cannot choose but hear."

Marlow, then, the teller of strange tales, may well stand for that baffling charm that Conrad exercises over those who love him. Primarily he stands for Conrad's unique, zigzag method of tale within tale, and teller upon teller.

Zigzag, indeed! Think of the climax of *Lord Jim*, told in an "explanatory letter from Marlow, with three distinct enclosures"; of those episodes in *Chance*, story within story, Marlow saying what Mrs. Fyne said Flora said the governess said, where quotation marks utterly fail to keep pace with the narrators. Think of young Powell, appearing in the first thirty pages of *Chance*, disappearing until the 230th; or of Captain Brierly and the Frenchman, mere onlookers at the tragedy of Jim, depicted in vivid digression, only to vanish forever. Such are the passages that have evoked the critics' most trenchant epithets and ingenious comparisons: from Henry James's famous image of a series of *aéroplanes*, "the principal *aéroplane* causing another to depend from it, and that one still another,"<sup>1</sup> to Mr. F. T. Cooper's happy likeness to a spider's web, begun, apparently, at random, evolved into perfect symmetry.<sup>2</sup> The writer's memory insists on recalling that childhood enigma—a picture-book depicting on its cover a child absorbed in a book depicted on its cover—and so on to infinity. Never, it seems, did teller of tales devise a method more baffling, more circuitous, more accidental, than the method of Marlow. Yet through all

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<sup>1</sup> *Notes on Novelists.*

<sup>2</sup> *Some English Story-Tellers.*

his meanderings and moralizings he holds us fascinated. Nay, we feel the power that is Conrad more strongly in the wanderings of Marlow than in the swift, unswerving onrush of *Victory*.

Here, surely, is no accident nor amateurism of method. Conrad, master equally of a method the most direct and the most oblique, is everywhere the conscious, deliberate artist. Indeed it is only by his own insistence on the significance of method that he challenges us to our questioning of the method of Marlow. In that most strangely revealing of autobiographies, *A Personal Record*, he says: "And in this matter of life and art it is not the Why that matters so much to our happiness, as the How. . . . The manner in which, as in the features and character of a human face, the inner truth is foreshadowed for those who know how to look at their kind."

So it is Conrad's own suggestion that we are following when we ask: Does not the oblique manner of Marlow body forth some "inner truth" of his creator's personality, some hint of his unique contribution to fiction?

It is the personality of Marlow himself that first challenges our scrutiny. There is no other of the tale-tellers of fiction whom we know so well as this "lanky, loose" old sea-dog, with his "sunken cheeks, yellow complexion, straight back, and ascetic aspect." *Lord Jim*, *Youth*, and *Heart of Darkness* are saturated with his unique blend of sympathetic skepticism; but in these, his first appearances, he is the narrator subdued to his story. It is in *Chance* that he stands out the conscious artist, dexterously interweaving half-hinted and fleeting glimpses of men and things with his own reflections and imaginings in the full fabric of Flora de Barral's destiny. "He existed for me, and, after all, it is only through me that he exists for you"—there speaks not the teller only, but the creator.

It is the life of the sea, that "isolated, seabound existence," that has moulded Marlow's philosophy of pity and of mirth. "The men of the sea," observes Marlow's friend, "understand each other very well in their view of earthly things, for simplicity is a good counsellor, and isolation not a bad educator. A turn of mind composed of innocence and skepticism is common to them all, with the addition of an unexpected insight into

motives, as of a disinterested onlooker at a game." Marlow, then, traces his unswerving curiosity to that same "fellowship of the craft" that first prompted Conrad himself "to render in words assembled with conscientious care, the memory of things far distant and of men who had lived."

But to take Marlow, as have some critics, as the mere mouth-piece of his maker, would be as stupid as is always the attempt to identify fiction with fact, character with author. One almost suspects Conrad of foreseeing this fallacy, and of protecting himself against it by insisting on Marlow's semi-seriousness, "that peculiar manner between jest and earnestness."

"Do you really mean what you have said?" I asked, meaning no offence, because with Marlow one could never be sure.

"Only on certain days of the year," said Marlow, readily, with a malicious smile."

For to know Marlow we must listen to him as he tells us tales such as never a seaman told. From the farthest East, from the very heart of darkness, he has brought the sailors' strange adventures, of ships aflame in mid-ocean, of midnight plots and perils. But little does he reckon of these; for him the real adventures are of the spirit—the flaming hopes of youth, the creeping disillusion, the stifling despair. The voyages of the *Patna* and the *Ferndale* are the voyages of the souls of Jim, Flora, and Anthony. Every episode, every climax, is in its reality psychic.

One can cite only a few of the evidences. Of the spectators of Jim's trial, Marlow says: "Whether they knew it or not, the interest that drew them there was purely psychological—the expectation of some essential disclosure as to the strength, the power, the horror, of human emotions."

Hear him, this time before the breathless climax scene of *Chance*: "Each situation, created either by folly or wisdom, has its psychological moment. . . . I believe that just then the tension of the false situation was at its highest."

No scene could better illustrate the aim and the interest of Marlow. For out of poison, treachery, suicide—mere stuff of melodrama—he has wrought the reconciliation of two tortured lives.

But how, we ask, dare Marlow presume to reveal to us not simply the minutest details, but the innermost meaning of a scene like this last which he never witnessed? He who said, "It is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence—that which makes its truth, its meaning, its subtle and penetrating essence," how can he venture to lay bare the life-essence of Roderick Anthony, whom he never saw?

Our query is met by an utter disclaimer of that omniscience which the narrators of fiction so often claim. Thus he disarms us at the outset of his story of Jim: "I don't pretend I understand him. The views he let me have of himself were like those gleams through the shifting rents in a thick fog—bits of vivid and vanishing detail."

Vivid, vanishing gleams. What could be more remote from the microscopic analyses of Henry James, from the psychoanalysts of fiction? Listen to Marlow, as discoursing of Flora's father, he describes his own method:—

"'You seem to have studied the man,' I observed.

"'Studied,' repeated Marlow thoughtfully, 'no, not studied. I had no opportunities. You know that I saw him only on that one occasion I told you of. But it may be that a glimpse, and no more, is the proper way of seeing an individual. . . . If one has a taste for that sort of thing, the merest starting-point becomes a coign of vantage, and then by a series of logically deducted verisimilitudes, one arrives at the truth.'"

So a single gesture of the condemned financier discloses to Marlow "the feelings of a man whose imagination wakes up at the very moment he is about to enter the tomb." So from echoes of old words whole scenes are conjured, imagined, with asides like these: "You understand I am piecing here bits of disconnected statements." "What they said to each other in private, we can imagine." And so *Chance* itself, the masterpiece of Marlow, is created as if before our very eyes.

Let us, if we would wrest from Marlow the secret of his art, follow the strange creative process in which the reader, as in few books, shares the adventure of discovery. No beginning could, as we have noted, seem more irrelevant than the casual meeting with young Powell, leading to his story of the strange chance

that made him Captain Anthony's second mate. This chance, sprung from a mere coincidence of names, illustrates a striking feature of Marlow's narratives, the use of coincidence and association. Like Miss Bates, like any simple soul who tries to tell a tale, he follows the random way of word-association: Young Powell—the *Ferndale*—Captain Anthony—his father, the poet—his sister, Mrs. Fyne—the Fynes' girl friend. Yet what seems but the familiar wanderings of the aimless mind has led us, with that subtle art that conceals art, to Flora, the heart of our mystery. Nothing could be more sure, more masterly, than the art of that first meeting of Marlow with Flora—walking on the edge of the high quarry, a sheer one hundred feet above the road; than his swift intuition of her from her clouded brow, her pained mouth, her vague, fixed glance. That moment's glimpse has given us not only the motive of Marlow's tale—the sympathetic curiosity that follows Flora's story to its end—but the theme of Flora, the victim of Chance.

Action follows swift—the disappearance of Flora, the news of her intended marriage to Captain Anthony. Then for four chapters the action halts, while Marlow's unfaltering curiosity extracts from the indignant Fynes, and re-creates for us the pitiful past of Flora. In this *tour de force* of the imagination there appears a second significant feature of the method of Marlow. Just as his sonorous cadences, such as no man ever *talked*, transcend the reality of speech, so he casts to the winds mere physical possibility. We re-live with him scenes of which he could actually have heard nothing. If, as the critics declare, the function of Marlow be simply "to secure realistic conviction for the most romantic episodes," how dare he thus intertwine fact and fancy? Here, I think the reader may answer the critic. Marlow's power rests, not on his appeal to sense or reason, but on the response of our awakened imaginations to his own. If his knowledge is sometimes in fact impossible, it is seldom in imagination improbable. Marlow's "logically deducted verisimilitudes" carry us, not spectators only, but sharers, into the inner reality—the *vraie vérité*—of character.

Our belief does not waver through Marlow's account of his amazing talk with Flora on a London pavement—an account



that, "piecing bits of disconnected statements," brings us face to face with the "innocent suffering and unexpressed menace" of her sea-blue eyes.

So we follow her on her fateful voyages, watching her now through the grave, kind eyes of young Powell, our chance acquaintance of Chapter I, destined by chance to be the very *deus ex machina* of Flora's fate. Nowhere is Marlow's power more surely shown than in his re-telling of young Powell's story. How skilfully he accounts for the young man's vivid memory and growing curiosity by his surprise at the strange atmosphere of the ship—the mate's alarm, the captain's haggard face, the silence of Flora, the mystery of her father. How surely he interpolates his own re-creation of those earlier scenes: Flora's first visit to the ship, her wedding day, her father's release from prison—that reveal to us "the impossible existence" of those two beings, tortured by ignorance of each other's love. So he leads us straight to the climax scene, when Powell's chance discovery turns the long agony of Anthony and Flora into a sea-encircled peace, that triumphs at last over chance.

Do we not now begin to see the meaning of this glimpse-method of Marlow—the meaning that makes it not accidental, but the inevitable expression of his vision of life?

Beaten by shifting winds of chance, straining to catch through driving mists shadow of rock or gleam of beacon, always he pilots us on seas unfathomable. Always his tale has one burden—the mystery that wraps the lonely soul. Wanderers, exiles, such are his heroes and heroines. There is Flora, arresting Marlow on the London pavement by "the mysterious aloofness of her fragile presence." There is Kurtz, grim phantom from the "heart of a conquering darkness." "He lived then before me; he lived as much as he had ever lived . . . insatiable of splendid appearances, of frightful realities, a shadow, darker than the shadows of the night." There is that last glimpse of Jim: "that white figure in the stillness of coast and sea seemed to stand at the heart of a vast enigma." . . . "And that's the end. He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart."

"Truth, illusive, obscure, half submerged, floats in the silent, still waters of mystery." In that sea echo is the motive of this

seaman's tales. Only by such a teller can we be drawn into the mystery of those tales. The "I" of Poe's tales would convince us of the reality of unearthly mysteries and inhuman horrors; Marlow would quicken us to the mystery of forgotten lives, would share with us his and our own questionings. And how could such tales be told save as Marlow tells them,—chance incidents, scraps of speech, interwoven, interpreted?

But the meaning of Marlow goes yet deeper. These tales woven of accident and coincidence mean just this: that real understanding, that "resonant" truth which alone is life and gives life, comes to us most directly through rumors, hearsays, echoes of long-spoken words. So Marlow's maxim, "The science of life consists in seizing every chance that presents itself," unlocks the method of his art,—the seizing and re-creating of chance human contacts. So only can we, onlookers, tale-tellers, snatch from the encircling mystery "that subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts."

But if we had only the testimony of Marlow, we might still doubt whether his method is the expression of Conrad himself, his peculiar contribution to fiction. If, however, we find these characteristics of the art of Marlow: his absorbing passion for the adventure of the spirit, his constant sense of the mystery of that adventure, his seizing of the significance of personal contacts,—if these traits belong to other tellers of Conrad's tales; if, finally, they belong to Conrad's own tale of himself, his *Personal Record*, we are close, I think, to the meaning of Conrad himself.

His stories are so various in method and in quality that to say of them that the features we have traced are invariably associated with the personal narrator method would be far too sweeping. There is, on the one hand, "The Partner," in *Within the Tides*, in which the romantic old ruffian of a teller seems to serve no purpose other than to set off the sordid realism of his "raw" tale. On the other hand, there is the swift, straight telling of *Victory*, and of the last, first person story, *The Shadow-Line*. But it is worth noting that *Victory* begins with a section quite superfluous to the plot development, a picture of Heyst as

others see and misinterpret him; and that throughout, though the narrative is ostensibly direct, the tone is that of the spectator. Even here, then, Conrad affirms his faith that we see only in glimpses and through others' eyes.

We have only to contrast that prolonged literary autopsy, *The Return*, Conrad's first, last, and only experiment in direct psychological analysis, with some of the tales that will not be forgotten, to see how the personal method of the latter reveals his power and his personality.

Take *The Secret Sharer*, a young captain's story of how he risked the life of his first ship to save the life of a stranger and a murderer. Here is a short story perfect by every formula: unity of situation and of conflict, suspense, climax, and the rest. Technically flawless, breathlessly exciting, it is far more than these. It is a crucial moment of experience, lived through with the teller. He focuses our interest, not on the hair-breadth escape of the stranger, the more miraculous escape of the ship, but on his own weird psychological situation. The "mysterious communication" instantly established between the captain and the refugee becomes such a sense of identity as to make of the rescue of that second self a veritable struggle for self-preservation. "Constantly watching my second self, unable to detach my mental vision from my second self," the captain's suspense reaches such a pitch that "that mental feeling of being in two places at once affected me physically, as if the mood of secrecy had penetrated my very soul." Sharing his dread, we share the intensity of his relief in that climax moment when "the secret sharer of my cabin and my thoughts, as though he were my second self, had lowered himself into the water to take his punishment."

Here the first person narrative is the only one which could re-create the mystery of that strange intimacy between two stray souls.

As inevitable is it that *Amy Foster* should have a narrator, "a country surgeon of that unappeasable curiosity which believes that there is a particle of truth in every mystery." Here the mystery is "an irresistible and fateful impulse—a possession," the love of poor Amy Foster for the wild foreign castaway.

There follows the heartrending tragedy: "his indifference,—his strangeness . . . penetrating with the repulsion the heart they had begun by irresistibly attracting." Yanko dies, a victim of "that fear of the incomprehensible that hangs over all our heads."

The art of this tale of obscure life has placed it among the high tragedies of literature; and wherein lies its power if not in the very theme and the method of Marlow—the mystery of human love and fear, heightened by the sympathy of one understanding narrator? This unknown hero, "cast out mysteriously by the sea to perish in the supreme disaster of loneliness and despair," may stand as the very symbol of the art of Conrad.

In these stories, then, on smaller scale and without the complexities and digressions of his novel structure, we find that the method and motive of Marlow are those of Conrad himself. But the final and convincing testimony to the meaning of Marlow is *A Personal Record*. Never was autobiography more disordered or bewildering in point of fact; never did reminiscence follow such a random course of haphazard association—the very manner of Marlow. From Poland to Pimlico Square, from the passes of the Alps to the falls of the Congo we leap in utter defiance of geography or chronology. In a life of which the bare facts are more romantic than fiction, adventures are but hinted. Yet what could the record of Marlow be but the record of a spiritual adventure?

Once for all, in his charming *Familiar Preface*, Conrad has interpreted, has justified, the method of Marlow's stories and of his own story:—

"They too [these pages] have been charged with discursiveness, with disregard of chronological order (which is in itself a crime); with unconventionality of form (which is an impropriety). . . .

"'Alas!' I protested mildly. 'Could I begin with the sacramental words, I was born on such a date, in such a place; . . . This is but a bit of psychological documents. . . . All I want to say in their defense is that these memories, put down without any regard for established conventions, have not been thrown off without system and purpose. They have their hope and their

aim. The hope that from the reading of these pages there may emerge at last the vision of a personality; the man behind the books. . . . The immediate aim . . . to give the record of personal memories by presenting faithfully the feelings and sensations connected with the writing of my first book and with my first contact with the sea."

"A bit of psychological document." What better definition of the tales of Marlow? What better summary could we ask of the method we have been tracing: the vision of a personality glimpsed through the feelings and sensations connected with some crucial moment?

But we cannot dismiss Marlow without becoming aware of some implications of his method. We have seen him ignoring the rules of narration: that a story should have but one teller, to whom nothing in his tale is unknown; that the psychological story in particular demands the omniscient author-narrator. But Marlow's method not only defies the text-books: it insistently questions some basal assumptions of the critics of fiction. They have declared that the novelist, by eliminating the accidental and irrelevant and revealing the causal, simplifies life. Yet here is a writer who deliberately complicates life, who, instead of putting his characters under the microscope, surrounds them with their reflections in the mirroring minds of tellers and listeners. In so doing he has, we have seen, obeyed a higher law than that of text-books,—the law of his vision of reality created of human contact. And in so doing he has verily suggested another law and type for fiction. The older novel, the simplification of life, gave us the creative process achieved, the decision handed down. From the verdict on Becky Sharp or on Rosamond Lydgate there is no appeal. But with Conrad we actually enter into the creative process: we grope with him through blinding mists, we catch at fleeting glimpses and thrill with sudden illuminations. For the art of Conrad is literally a *social art*—the collaboration of many tellers and of many listeners:—

"In time the story shaped itself before me out of the listless answers to my questions, out of the indifferent words heard in wayside inns. . . . People confirmed and completed the story."



Thus we, the listeners, not only share in the creation, but verily "confirm and complete" these stories, whose aim is the search itself and not its ending. For the verdict on Jim and on Flora rests with us at last.

There is one haunting passage in *Heart of Darkness*, which images the method of Marlow and of Conrad. "To him," says Marlow's interlocutor, "the meaning of the tale was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of those misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine."

To this strange teller the meaning of his tale is indeed outside it—in the creative comradeship that, lightening the burden of its mystery, links teller with hearers in quickened understanding. Such is the method of Conrad—to surround the solitary spirit with a fellowship of wonder and of pity. So he speaks to the sharers of his search:—

"If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand and perhaps also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

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## ENGLAND'S GREATEST VICEROY

### AN APPRECIATION OF EVELYN BARING, FIRST EARL CROMER

The visitor at 36 Wimpole Street, London, on the morning of February twenty-sixth, 1916, would have found in his well-filled library a man of average height, slight but well put together, with white hair, sparse on the crown and well trimmed at the back and sides, a closely cropped white moustache, high forehead and prominent nose, and eyes which seem tired at one moment, yet at another bright with almost juvenescent warmth. This was Lord Cromer, awakened upon his seventy-fifth birthday, though it would have been too much to assume that he was celebrating it, for he is not one to celebrate anything connected with himself. At very most, all he would have indulged in would be a brief pause at the milestone, as he worked on an essay, indited a letter, read a favorite book, or possibly with bent head and half-closed eyes, thought of Egypt,—of affectionate memories left behind among its native people, or perhaps even of an alien hand uplifted to threaten the peace and new-born dignity of the land he has reclaimed.

The face is not an old face, though deeply lined, and the mouth, where mobility and firmness meet, is strongly reminiscent of Beethoven's. For the rest he resembles, somewhat, an aristocratic, kindly Southern gentleman of the Colonel Carter of Cartersville type.

It is no idle thought, that of Beethoven, when one thinks of what this greatest of proconsuls has accomplished, for there must be music of some sort, as well as strength, in the soul of a man who can maintain within himself in perfect harmony the five divergent types of soldier, statesman, financier, *lettré*, and man of the world. Among the great of history it would be difficult to name many who have been so versatile. The most have exhibited power and adaptation solely in the line in which they have become celebrated. Gladstone was writer as well as statesman, of course, but his prejudices and austerity forbid that he be proclaimed as possessing an elastic intellectuality. Frederick the

Great was an eminent soldier, and between battles he wrote poetry—at which Voltaire laughed heartily. Here is a man, trained as a soldier, who once on a time (and in a single morning!) was asked to give his verdict on a proposed economy in the Budget, on the dismissal of a postman, on a plan for increasing the army, on a quarrel between two rival Jewish sects, on the deportation of a drunken Irishman, on a question of precedence between the wives of two Egyptian officials, and on the best method of preserving the remains of a Ptolemaic temple,—and all these oddly diversified tasks were performed with as masterly a precision as with kind forbearance. The Consul General, too, found time at the beginning of each day to gather inspiration from Isaiah or Job, from Homer or Juvenal, and at its close to pursue in his study such lettered labors as enabled him to give the world his delightful *Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek*.

The poetic instinct had much to do with the affection and service Lord Cromer obtained from his subordinates and the confidence with which he animated the childlike Oriental in working out a process of national assimilation. It colored that frankness and honesty with which he treated all and which inspired frankness and honesty in return. Taciturn the man may have been at times, brusque of manner now and then, but these were only thin crusts on the surface of a generous and genial nature.

The Cromer personality can hardly be fully estimated without somewhat reviewing the conditions preceding the entrance of England into Egypt and those existing when, ten years ago, this her greatest Agent left there. The Turkish empire never did aught but enervate and destroy all individual energy and initiative in every country over which it has had control, and Egypt is no exception to the rule. During the first half of the nineteenth century, Mehemet Ali, but little removed from the fifth century "Scourge of God," Attila, was the chosen representative of the Sultan. He fostered industry and production, it is true, but did so by the courbash and ground it out of slaves rather than inciting it from free agents. Passing over his immediate successors there followed Ismail, the first Khedive, who governed from 1863 until deposed by the Sultan in '79, and who by wild extravagance

and continued oppression of the people first brought France and England into the country. This was in the mid-seventies, when both States were much concerned in the well-being of the Nile Valley because of their financial interests not only in the Suez Canal, but in the national debt as well. When Evelyn Baring came into her story as Consul General, Egypt, economically and politically, with liabilities increased in thirteen years from three million sterling to one hundred million, presented a prospect of ruin stretching to the horizon. And how he got there is worth tracing.

He was very much of a younger son, being the tenth child in a family sprung from the great bankers. Destined for the army, he attended the Ordinance School at Carshalton, went through the Royal Military Academy course at Woolwich, and then, when seventeen, entered the Royal Artillery. Three years later he was at Malta, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Storke, then governor of the Ionian Islands, and truly the boy was father of the man, to judge from a little story told of those early days. At one of the official receptions a lady guest said to Sir Henry, "That young officer over there would really be a charming chap if only he had something to say for himself. He's so terribly quiet. Who is he, please?" The young officer has grown white now, but he is nearly as quiet in 1916 as in 1861. Had he been old enough to have served under the Duke of Wellington he would have been just the fellow faithfully to have lived out the doughty old warrior's terse axiom: "Say what you have to say, don't quote Latin, and sit down."

A captain in 1870, a major in 1877, Evelyn Baring first went into the Orient a year later, serving as private secretary to the Earl of Northbrook, then Viceroy of India. From this post he was shifted across to Egypt as the English member of the Public Debt Commission, then making an examination into the finances of the country in behalf of the European Powers, and it was noted soon that, though keeping himself in the background, he was the predominant factor in the body. When, eighteen months later, the government at Cairo became to all intents vested in the hands of France and England, Major Baring was named

the English Controller, his colleague being M. de Blignières—and again, in his tactful way, the Briton demonstrated marked resourcefulness: he it was, rather than the Frenchman, who pulled the strings.

This needed preface to the later life-work which the Nile Valley was to offer Baring was brief. In 1889, he was named Financial Member of the Council of India, and returned to Calcutta, where, for three years, he filled a difficult post with so bold an initiative and skilfulness as to awaken Downing Street to what sort of man he was. During this sojourn he inaugurated a policy so stamped by business capacity and statesmanlike acumen that it has been followed by all his successors. His three Indian budgets are still pointed to as the most successful ever presented.

Meanwhile events were happening in Egypt, where Tewfik Pasha, a weak though honest man, had succeeded his father, Ismail. Arabi Bey, a mutinous Colonel in the army, guided solely by personal ambitions, had promoted a formidable rebellion and in the Soudan the Mahdist insurrection was fast tearing that vast territory from the Khedive, who was powerless to cope with either catastrophe. England, by reason of the treaty of Berlin, was loath to meddle too much with Egyptian affairs and so complicate her status at Constantinople. The French Premier, Gambetta, was eager to intervene, but at this critical moment he fell from power, and the new Premier, de Freycinet (recently seated again in the Cabinet), absolutely refused to have anything to do with the situation, France formally retiring from the country. Thus England, whether she wished it or not, was left to deal alone with the dangerous conditions. As to the Soudan, it was wisely decided to let it go for the time being, but the complications in Egypt proper were gripped firmly by Great Britain, and the battle of Tel el Keber ended the revolt and established her as sole protectorate power. In passing, it may be added that her right to be there in that light was subsequently confirmed by the London Convention of 1885 and the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904. Turkey's present-day support of the Teutonic Powers has meant the final cancellation of Turkish suzerainty: December 18, 1914.



Thus, in 1883, it came to pass that his country turned to Major Baring to help her in solving the intricate problems, financial and political, the burden of which rested entirely upon her shoulders. England was an interloper in Egypt, in a double sense, since the latter was not an independent state but an appendage of Turkey. As Lord Cromer himself puts it, in his *Modern Egypt*: "One alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians." To further aggravate conditions, the population was, and is, far from homogeneous. Lord Milner, himself experienced in Egyptian affairs, and an oriental student of distinction, declaring that "the stars were indeed gracious" which inducted Major Baring into his new office, has drawn this picture of the land in that day:—

Imagine a people, the most docile and good tempered in the world, in the grip of a religion the most intolerant and fanatical. Imagine this people and their faith, congenial in nothing but their conservatism, flung into the maelstrom of European restlessness and innovation. Imagine a country full of turbulent foreigners, whom its police cannot arrest save when caught *in flagrante delicto*, and whom its courts cannot try except for the most insignificant offenses. Imagine the government of this country unable to legislate for these foreigners without the consent of a dozen 'Powers,' most of them indifferent and some of them ill-disposed. Imagine it carrying on business in a foreign tongue, which is yet not the tongue of the predominant foreign race. Imagine it struggling to meet the clamorous needs of to-day with a budget rigorously fixed according to the minimum requirements of the day-before-yesterday.

There were some far-sighted men who declared that the right man had been chosen to bring order out of chaos, but others there were who feared his "autocratic and commanding manner." One of these wrote a verse on the subject and sent it to *The Times*:—

The virtue of patience is known;  
But I think were one put to the touch,  
The people of Egypt will own with a groan  
There's evil in Baring too much.

No greater mistake could have been made. Baring knew how to wait without losing time, too, when it would be inopportune to

push any of his projects. From the first, he sought to obtain the confidence of these people by trying to understand them. He knew well how impossible it would be to rule by cutting away, at the outstart, all their prejudices, customs, and habits, so he made a certain sympathy with those prejudices, customs, and habits act as a conduit to convey into their minds a firmer code of morality and a higher standard of ambition. He understood not merely what they wanted, but the process of thought they employed in arriving at a recognition of those wants. His object was to fulfill their needs in a way that would be satisfactory to an Oriental, which is a far different thing from the way that would be satisfactory to a European. By this method, the new-comer forged a strong tie between governor and governed, and especially did the poor look up to him both as teacher and protector. As an instance of this, once a young medical man, engaged on what was known as cholera duty in some of the remote villages of the Delta, ordered a certain well emptied and cleaned. The woman to whom it belonged objected strongly, and, finally, as a last shot shouted "It shall be told the man Krahmer!"

In a word, the government instituted was a strict but benevolent paternalism. By that indefinable something in him which denotes the habit and capacity to command, coupled with hard common sense, Sir Evelyn Baring, as he had then become, shaped out of disorganization a strongly centralized control, and for a quarter of a century maintained it. Furthermore, when he came home in 1907, England could point to a foundation and superstructure so sure that no other man in time to come need seek to improve upon the work of this great architect of empire.

Where, in 1883, Egyptian four per cents were quoted at forty-five or under, three per cents were then rated considerably over par. Land which was difficult to sell then at eighty dollars an acre is now worth anywhere from a thousand dollars up. Property rights are fully recognized. A capable native police has been created. Justice is no longer bought and sold. Education has become a fixed fact. Forced labor, of the Mehemet Ali sort, has been abolished. Taxation has been reduced sixty per cent, yet native industries have been encouraged to such a degree that the

1913 budget, with debit charges of more than seventy-five millions of dollars, showed a credit balance of some two hundred thousand dollars. A system of irrigation has been established which is a model for the world. The fellah who used to live in rags now travels first class on railways not thought of prior to Cromer's time. As the peasant has been elevated from serf to the dignity of manhood, so has the Pasha been held to strict accountability and taught his limitations. Finally, it was due to the Baring administration that the Soudan, lost to Egypt in the eighties, was restored as a result of the battle of Omdurman, fought and won by Kitchener in 1898.

Neither in yesterday's history nor in the records of the world of to-day can be found another such transformation. Clive and Hastings established English supremacy in India, but did it by guns and perfidy, and the work required much doing over before it became stable. On the other hand, on the eve of leaving Cairo, Cromer embodied in a speech these three sentences: "I had better explain what my policy here has been. It may be summed up in a very few words. It has been to tell the truth." Again, Clive and Hastings took for themselves millions of dollars out of India, while this great modern viceroy found the fullest compensation in the realization that he was making Egypt over new, and was satisfied, even, to pay out of a moderate salary moneys that were needed in the process. It cannot be said of either Clive or Hastings in relation to India that which was so often and truly said of Cromer in relation to the Nile Valley: "Cromer is Egypt; Egypt is Cromer."

When this man stepped off the train at Victoria Station, London, there were waiting to do him honor, on behalf of old England, the son and brother of the king and all the Cabinet of the day, and amid handshakes of hearty good will he learned that Parliament had voted him the freedom of the city along with a grant of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

His country, however, had not delayed until then to express its appreciation of his work. Honors had been showered upon him. He was created a Baron in 1892 and Viscount in 1898, choosing his title from his birthplace Cromer Hall, Norfolk. He received

the coveted Order of Merit as well as the Albert Medal. The initials, clustering thick after his name in Burke, announce that he was a member of the Privy Council, a Grand Cross of the Bath, a Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, a Knight Commander of the Star of India, a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire, a Doctor of Civil Laws of Oxford and of Laws from Cambridge, and several other things. At the bottom of the "Who's Who" paragraph, one learns that he belonged to the five most exclusive clubs in London: The Turf, the Travelers, the Marlborough, the St. James, and Brooks.

During the past few years Earl Cromer appeared often in the Upper House, spoke brilliantly on various proposed pieces of legislation, and took some part in politics and society, but his keen enjoyment lay in the seclusion of his library. Here it was that he composed four books since 1909, the most important being of course the monumental *Modern Egypt*. Here it was that one loved to meet him and listen, when he was in humor to talk, to conversation delightful in matter, rich in quotation and historical references, pointed by shrewdest criticism of men and things. As this great proconsul sat there, conscious surely of a life's work well accomplished, and, as the chimes of Time's mighty cathedral sounded out in clear and mellow cadences the story of seventy-five great years, the sunlight, laying around that white head, seemed to rest there in a halo of benediction,—a blessing on one who, in his empire building, had done so much to advance the brotherhood of man.

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## RICHARD LE GALLIENNE AND THE TRADITION OF BEAUTY

### I

The struggle between science and art is perennial, and the world is a strange goddess. To him who fights her and beats back her forces, who masters her waterfalls and defies her iron isthmuses, she gives the meed of gold and the laurel of acclaim. Upon him, however, who loves her, who thrills at the laughter of her streams and the songs of her birds, who leaves all to worship nature in her various manifestations, she is likely to turn a questioning gaze. Not until the poet has yearned and suffered, and brought back some accent of its own sadness and mystery, has the world consented to approve him.

So it has been in the case of Richard Le Gallienne. Few poets have been so ardent in the worship of beauty, and few so severely reproved for lingering in Arcadia. But not until we know the man's first love are we able to understand his message for inspiration. All around him beckoned the beautiful, and to all he gave the deepest appreciation. Few modern poets have lived so aloof from the forces of industrialism. Says his own "Poet in the City": "What a masterful alien life it all seemed to me! No single personality could hope to stand alone amid all that stress of ponderous, bullying forces"; and "he has never written ten lines," read one early criticism, "and we can scarcely expect him now to begin to write concerning the pleasure of sweating toil, either in athleticism, adventure, or actual work." Verily it has remained for an age of pure Philistinism to postulate the theory that poetry must be inspired by athleticism and brawn.

It was to be expected, then, that when this poet appeared he should be criticized. It was natural, too, that he should be the more liable because of his own difficulty in making his music clear. He made mistakes at first; his content was sometimes thin, his lavish imagery not always clear, and his taste not always impeccable. There was too great facility, and along with this an excessive sentimentalism. Of all of this he was fully re-



minded again and again. But an artist deserves to be judged not so much by the half-dozen pieces in which there are flaws as by the one jewel of perfect workmanship. Keats has his place not because of the mistakes in *Endymion*, but because of the artistry of *The Eve of St. Agnes*; and it is not by reason of *Love Platonic*, but on the basis of *To a Bird at Dawn*, that our poet is, in the opinion of so many, the foremost master of the lyric writing in English to-day. Has the artist ever, in any of his work, shown that he can give his vision irreproachable form? That is the fair test, and that is the test with which we shall primarily be concerned in the following pages.

## II

From Greece the lute; from Rome the trumpet and victorious legions. All through the Middle Ages gleam flashes of the unequal combat, and little place seemed there for a song when the business of life was battle. Charlemagne extended his boundaries, William of Normandy came to England, and the tradition of Roman law permeated the systems of Western Europe. The Church, reared on similar foundations of strength, gradually subdued unto itself all the forces of art and beauty, as well as those of power; and its awful magnificence rises like an impregnable tower from the dimness of mediævalism. From time to time, however, in the intervals of the acts, could be heard the love-chant of Abelard or the wail of Villon, a protest against an age that subdued all natural yearning and found the meed of living only in the cloister and the scourge.

With the Renaissance, however, the heart bloomed again. The day of the epic was over, that of the lyric had begun; and the great high-priest of freedom was no troubadour or criminal lover, but a great spiritual teacher, Dante. Chaucer, similarly capable of being a great exponent of beauty, but bound by a tradition of conservatism, became finely ironical when he found himself loving seriously, renounced his offerings to nature, and laughed himself into the second rank of poets. In Spenser for the first time England saw a poet of the highest gifts who was willing to rest his reputation on the resources of hedonistic culture. Others took courage, and Marlowe and Greene and others

that loved not wisely but too well, became the sacrifice demanded of Art for her new recognition. The sonnet flourished, and the age of Elizabethan literature was great not by virtue but in spite of the forces of Puritanism. Milton, overwhelmed in the furious conflict, forsook the dreams of the Round Table for those of the Book of the Revelation, and collapsed wholly when he attempted to clothe with the dress of hedonism a poem on the Temptation of Christ. Even his masterpiece had been adorned with all the resources of the Renaissance, and because of his great gifts as a poet he was able to bridge the terrible chasm when assisted by the imagery of St. John; but one of the greatest of English poets was essentially insincere, and this is one reason why he invariably falls below Shakespeare. He was at heart a rebel, but he was not quite willing to assume the risk that Spenser dared, and not unnaturally even his masterpiece declined in power after he had in the first two books bestowed upon it the richest fruits of his culture. All his prose showed him in revolt against established institutions, and in *Comus* before *Paradise Lost*, as in *Paradise Regained* after that great work, he really showed his true tendencies. He revelled in purple patches, but in the face of Barebones and Bradshaw he simply did not have the courage of his convictions, and it is one of the ironies of literature that one of the most pagan of poets should have been the one to erect the supreme monument to Puritanism.\* Other men of his age, less commanding in scope, paid more sincere tribute to beauty. With a wistfulness that has endeared him to all later lovers of the beautiful, Herrick sang *To the Daffodils* or *To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time*; and

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\* Since the passage above was written I have been interested to observe in the *Atlantic* for October the article "Poetry Insurgent and Resurgent," by Prof. O. W. Firkins, in which Milton is approached from a slightly different point of view. Professor Firkins makes an attack, and our premises, even if not our conclusions, have much in common. "My thesis," he says, "is that, during the last two centuries, English poetry has accepted a principle which is Spanish or Italian rather than English — the principle of uninterrupted beauty and distinction. . . . The evil began, I think, with Milton. That studious and meditative mind, in the bright seclusion of its youthful scholarship and the dark seclusion of its uncherished age, found leisure to perfect and mature its English until every word took on the potency and pregnancy that words possess in an oath or a spell."—B. B.

no surer defence for the literature of beauty can be found than in the fact that in the corrupt years of the Restoration, in spite of Suckling and Lovelace, genuine song declined. The whole reign of Queen Anne produced not one noteworthy lyric. Beauty might flourish even in the face of honest opposition, such as that of Puritanism; but it could find no inspiration in the forces of insincerity, artificiality, and decay. Appalled by all the forces of philosophy and dialectic, of moralizing and sermonizing, it did not again come into its own before the era of Burns. Then again the rose bloomed in all the gorgeousness of De Quincey and Keats. Afterwards came Morris and Rossetti, Swinburne and Pater; and not inaptly have the brilliancy and sparkle of recent comedy been found to have some inspiration in the same tradition.

The very name of Pater, however, raises burning questions. To him Richard Le Gallienne's loyalty has ever been unquestioned. Now Pater is of course most close to De Quincey and Keats and Poe; and De Quincey has been remarked by Mr. Chesterton as "the first and foremost of the decadents." Keats, by both friends and foes, is looked upon as representative of paganism at its best, and is famous for his identification of truth and beauty. One of the most direct challengers of this whole school within recent years has been Mr. Paul Elmer More, for whom "this exaltation of beauty above truth, and emotional grace above duty, and fine perception above action, this insinuating hedonism which would so bravely embrace the joy of the moment, forgets to stay itself on any fixed principle outside of itself, and forgetting this, it somehow misses the enduring joy of the world and empties life of true values. Accordingly the sure end of this innocent-seeming theory is decadence." To all of which Mr. Le Gallienne replies: "Decadence is anything but a recent term, for the simple reason that what one calls decadence another would call renaissance. Again, those who apply it to literature confuse a fancied moral decadence with literary decadence." In his defence of Pater, as given in his paper *On Re-Reading Walter Pater* in the *North American Review*, he asserted that the teaching of this man, "far from being that of a facile 'Epicureanism,' is seen, properly understood, to involve

something like the austerity of a fastidious Puritanism, and to result in a jealous asceticism of the senses rather than in their indulgence," so that "by virtue of his combination of humanity, edification, and æsthetic delight Walter Pater is unique among the great teachers and artists of our time."

It is essentially necessary, accordingly, that in this whole discussion a sane attitude be preserved. There can be little doubt that if Pater is keenly analyzed by the stern moralist he will be found to be like the wonderful Blaschka flowers, which are magnificent in a glass case a few feet away, but likely to prove brittle and to emphasize their artificiality if brought forth into the cold air of day. Yet who will deny that they were wonderful products of art? In the case of Mr. Le Gallienne let us keep this test constantly in mind. He would insist that, while we are discussing art, even the question of morality is an open one. No one has by his mature work more sharply commanded a revision of judgment and shown the high spiritual level unto which it is possible for the disciple of beauty to attain. A member originally of the so-called neo-romantic group, one after another he saw those whom he knew in his earlier years come to grief by a perversion or a too practical application in their own lives of some of their artistic theories. It is his own great distinction, and his justification, that, surrounded by cults and fads and fancies, he preserved his balance, so that now, in the fullness of his powers, he so perfectly represents the height of lyrical achievement in English within recent years.

### III

It was to be expected that the early work of Richard Le Gallienne, like that of most poets, should be imitation, and that in his case his models should be Keats and Rossetti. His earliest booklets, *My Ladies' Sonnets* and *Volumes in Folio*, were printed privately. The form of the first shows the young poet's feeling for form, while the second is most interesting as showing his love of reading and his ear for fine phrasing. In *The Bookman's Avalon*, the leading poem in the latter, the extent of the appreciation is clearly apparent, for not many lovers even of Keats would have had the industry to prove their appreciation by forty-

eight Spenserian stanzas. With *English Poems* (1892) Mr. Le Gallienne made his formal bow to the public. The initial poem in the collection is one that perfectly reflects the artist's models, *Paolo and Francesca*. The wonder is not so much that there are frequent echoes of the romantic poets, but that there is often a facility or happiness of expression that commands admiration. The lines on Lanciotto's return, for instance, are spirited and even dramatic. The poem is chiefly interesting, however, as marking the poet's first sustained treatment in narration of a sensuous subject. *Love Platonic*, a sequence of amatory verses, especially called forth the harshness of reviewers, who found faults from those of grammar to those of confused imagery; but no one doubted that the poet had possibilities. Again and again one came upon an instance of fine phrasing or some arresting suggestive quality, as in the lines,—

But we have starry business, such a grief  
As Autumn's, dead by some forgotten sheaf  
While all the distance echoes of the wain.

The poet is fond of delicately wrought conceits and Pre-Raphaelite coloring; at least twice, for instance, he uses the fancy that forms the basis of the little poem, *Orbits*:—

Two stars once on their lonely way  
Met in the heavenly height,  
And they dreamed a dream they might shine alway  
With undivided light;  
Melt into one with a deathless throe,  
And beam as one in the night.

And each forgot in the dream so strange  
How desolately far  
Swept on each path, for who shall change  
The orbit of a star?  
Yea, all was a dream, and they still must go  
As lonely as they are.

A few of the poems made the taste of the poet liable to criticism; but there could be no questioning the power of *The Decadent to his Soul*. This is the story of one who

. . . used his soul  
As bitters to the over dulcet sins,  
As olives to the fatness of the feast.



This subtle theme of the use of the soul not for genuine repentance, but that its reproof may give greater zest to sinning is more than once recurrent in Mr. Le Gallienne's work. All told, *English Poems* was a work of promise.

The poet's early appreciation of the beautiful was also reflected in his paraphrases of Omar Khayyâm. It was a new thing, of course, for English poets to seek their inspiration in the East. The sublime poet himself had paid tribute to the "barbaric pearl and gold" of Asia; and *Lalla Rookh* set out definitely to reflect the coloring and the incense, the sweetness and the languor, of Persia. Here, however, was a gorgeous planet, sprung full-flame amid the heavens, and reflecting all the wandering fires of the infidelity and the groping of the Victorian era; and it was inevitable that sooner or later any sincere lover of beauty should worship at the shrine. Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrases were made from literal translations by others, and indeed offered with an apology as not intended to rival Fitzgerald's. They need not have been. The verses are so distinctive that they are quite able to stand on their own merits as poems. The same influence, with the added artistry that comes with years, was seen a little later in the remarkable rendering of the *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*. Here was a poet "instinctively a pagan," even more lyrical than Omar, and one peculiarly adapted to Mr. Le Gallienne's genius. He was also more personal than Omar, not at all bothered about preaching, but constantly moved by vivid passion, high spirits, and an instinctive love of nature; and to his interpretation the poet has given some of his most brilliant efforts.

#### IV

To a poet of the temperament of Richard Le Gallienne the age of thirty marks an epoch, and if he is willing the next few years may be a period of spiritual growth unsurpassed by any other. The hopes, the fears, the wild ambitions, and the loves of youth are over, and more and more the prison-house enwraps young manhood. Life is leading somewhere. He had not known that the years were gliding by so fast. He wonders to what end is the loving, the striving, and all around he sees the

wrecks of other years. In spite of all, however, he remembers that "there's a budding morrow at midnight."

Hardly ever was a volume of poems more unjustly treated than that reflecting this period in the life of our poet, *Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy; and other Poems, mainly Personal* (1895). In general the book was looked upon as not marking sufficient advance over *English Poems*. Matters of larger import were frequently lost sight of in the gaze at minor things; and even then the point of view was not often sympathetic. In the perspective, however, the spiritual advance after three years is amazing. The leading poem, that on Stevenson, exhibited a peculiar freedom of versification and nobility of feeling, as may be seen in the following passage:—

O vanished loveliness of flowers and faces,  
Treasure of hair, and great immortal eyes,  
Are there for these no safe and secret places?  
And is it true that beauty never dies?  
Soldiers and saints, haughty and lovely names,  
Women who set the whole wide world in flames,  
Poets who sang their passion to the skies,  
And lovers wild and wise;  
Fought they and prayed for some poor flitting gleam,  
Was all they loved and worshipped but a dream?  
Is Love a lie and fame indeed a breath,  
And is there no sure thing in life—but death?  
Or may it be, within that guarded shore,  
He meets Her now whom I shall meet no more  
Till kind Death fold me 'neath his shadowy wing:  
She whom within my heart I softly tell  
That he is dead whom once we loved so well,  
He, the immortal master whom I sing.

Throughout the volume one reads disenchantment and disillusion, with an occasional note of hope in the healing influences of nature. One of the themes most constantly on the thought of the poet at this time was that of faithfulness to a departed loved one, and the penance or the retribution that follows upon unfaithfulness. Disillusion is also the dominant note in *Omar Repentant*, a remarkable poem that appeared in the old *Cosmopolitan*, and one that left no doubt as to the new tendencies. A sophisticated man of forty is represented as speaking to a young friend of only half his years who is still in the first flush of the

enjoyment of Omar and the Grape. The lines are marked by the facility of expression and the slight echo of paganism that still claimed them for Mr. Le Gallienne's own; but they make both good sense and good poetry and give but a new proof of the artist's versatility and deepening experience:—

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall break  
The woman's heart that loves you, it shall take  
Away from you your friends—sad, one by one,  
And of your own kind heart an agate make.

You are so young, you know so little yet,  
You are the sunrise, I am the sunset;  
It matters little what my end shall be,  
But you—but you—can escape it yet.

Listen, and swear by yonder morning star  
To fight, and fight, and fight for what you are,  
Straight, trim and true, and pure as men are pure—  
Swear to me, lad, by yonder morning star.

One of the great themes about which the poet's new attitude left no doubt was War.

War  
I abhor,

he wrote; and however afterwards he may have been thrilled by the sound of drum and fife or the glitter of gay apparel, he could never forget the wet eyes of widows or the broken hearts of mothers. As early as 1899 appeared *Christmas in War-Time*, a product of the Boer War. The note of disillusion is clear:—

So it may come about next Christmas Day  
That we shall hear the happy children play  
Gladly aloud, unmindful of the dead,  
And watch the lovers go  
To the old woods to find the mistletoe.  
But this year, children, if you needs must play,  
Play very softly, underneath your breath;  
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death  
Makes England holy with sorrow this Christmas Day;  
Yes! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,  
And leave the holly for another year—  
Its berries are too red.

This poem, with three others on the same general theme, was afterwards included in *New Poems*. In 1915, moreover, appeared *The Silk-Hat Soldier*, a little collection using mainly the

same pieces and dedicated to His Majesty, Albert I, King of the Belgians. The title-poem seeks to cultivate an air of bravado, but it has an undercurrent of pathos that will not down:—

I guess it strikes a chill somewhere, the bravest won't deny,  
     All that you love,  
     Away to shove,  
 And set your teeth to die;  
     But better dead,  
     When all is said,  
 Than lapped in peace to lie—  
 If we love not England well enough for England to die.

## V

If ever a volume marked the close of an epoch in a poet's work, that volume was the *New Poems* of Richard Le Gallienne (1910). The poems were hardly for the most part new: many had already appeared in magazines; and the book gives something of the impression of miscellanies, a sort of gathering up of fragments since the last important collection, that of 1895. The volume is lacking in any central positive note, except that here and there one might discern a deepening conception of the influences of nature. It is as if a cultivated and sophisticated gentleman of the town permitted us to wander awhile with him in the country. Occasionally his thought lingers upon some earlier experience; he remembers pleasantly an old acquaintance or a marriage of friends; he is somewhat absorbed in his own musing, a little self-conscious as he thinks of the past. He enjoys the birds and the fields, occasionally praises his wholesome country fare; but he has no great thoughts and no great emotions, and he does not care if he has not: he has come from the crowded life for a little season of refreshment and peace. If we desire to walk with him he has no objection, but it must be understood that he will be pardoned if he does not exert himself to entertain us.

While for one who knows what Mr. Le Gallienne is capable of it is a little difficult to be enthusiastic about this volume, the book has still very distinct merits. One must recall that in spite of appearances it does not quite represent the vintage of fifteen years. Numerous books in prose and the paraphrases from

Omar and Hafiz had intervened in the meantime. A certain fineness of expression and delicacy of versification more than once denoted great advance in technique. There was also evident an increasing refinement in taste. Something of impalpable loveliness was constantly recurrent in the book; there was a charm in its dying falls, and on page after page the poet showed his power of "seizing his evanescent emotion or revealing in a phrase the beauty that flashes and dies." It is as if the master of the lute, in a leisure moment, tested all the resources of his instrument before playing the beautiful lyrics of the poet's later work. *The Nightjar*, the poet's strongest expression in the volume of his love for nature, has been highly praised. The most representative piece of work, however, is probably *At Evening I Came to the Wood*:—

At evening I came to the wood, and threw myself on the breast  
Of the great green Mother, weeping, and the arms of a thousand trees  
Waved and rustled in welcome, and murmured, "Rest—Rest—Rest!  
The leaves, thy brothers, shall heal thee, and thy sisters, the flowers,  
bring peace."

Almost simultaneously with *New Poems* appeared *Orestes*, Mr. Le Gallienne's treatment of the old story of the avenging of the murder of Agamemnon and the pursuit of Orestes by the Furies. The play was written at the request of Mr. William Faversham, who, being desirous of producing a music-drama on the story of Orestes, asked Mr. Le Gallienne to make for him another version. The poet was circumscribed somewhat by having to follow the lead of the music, especially in the first of the two acts; but the simplicity and dignity of a Greek play are excellently preserved. Ægisthus was made a lay-figure, but generally the characterization is strong. In the case of Clytemnestra this is unusually so. Occasionally an otherwise strong speech was slightly marred by an excess of prettiness, but on the whole the sacrifice of the poet to the spirit of Greece was thoroughly adequate and effective.

## VI

*The Lonely Dancer* (1913) was in every respect a noteworthy achievement. In the first place it was remarkable that a poet whose art had shown little definite advance within twenty years,



and whose last volume had been something of a disappointment, should suddenly begin to show more and more progress to the heights of lyric endeavor. Since the *Robert Louis Stevenson* volume of 1895 such an adaptation in brilliant poetry as the *Odes from Hafiz* had appeared; but there had been little to show a deepening and a broadening of the spirituality suggested in that earlier work. In technique also the new book indicated fulfilment of promise. Instead of verses crowded with images and conceits it revealed on page after page lines brilliantly chiselled, but with a simplicity of diction and a sureness in rhythm that made them linger irresistibly on the ear. A freedom and refinement of expression, comparable only to the upspringing of a bird, left no longer any doubt as to the claims of a genuine lyric poet. From the book, moreover, the last traces of self-consciousness and eroticism had disappeared, and in their place had come a great broadening of sympathy, with a distinct note of brotherhood. The "still sad music of humanity" had reached the poet, and as never before he found solace in the sweet influences of nature. Over all was a new tenderness, and what with a slight change of thought or expression might a few years before have awakened cynicism now by its very sincerity carried conviction. The poet possessed a new vision, an "instinctive reverence for the spirit of life"; and while his song may have been beautiful before, it now rose in a new dignity of yearning, suffering, and peace.

The typical poem is *To a Bird at Dawn*, an effort that fully justified a claim for the ennobling influences of beauty upon the spirit, and one that unassisted would assure for the poet a place among the masters of the lyric in English:—

O bird that somewhere yonder sings,  
In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn,  
Lone in the hush of sleeping things,  
In some sky sanctuary withdrawn;  
Your perfect song is too like pain,  
And will not let me sleep again.

I think you must be more than bird,  
A little creature of soft wings,  
Not yours this deep and thrilling word—  
Some morning planet 'tis that sings;  
Surely from no small feathered throat  
Wells that august, eternal note.

. . . . .

To you, sweet bird, one well might feign —  
With such authority you sing  
So clear, yet so profound a strain  
Into the simple ear of spring —  
Some secret understanding given  
Of the hid purposes of Heaven.

And all my life until this day,  
And all my life until I die,  
All joy and sorrow on the way,  
Seem calling yonder in the sky;  
And there is something the song saith  
That makes me unafraid of death.

Page after page in the book expresses the ennobling and uplifting influence of a great new love. This is best seen in *Flos Aevorum* :—

The moonlight of forgotten seas  
Dwells in your eyes, and on your tongue  
The honey of a million bees,  
And all the sorrows of all song :  
You are the ending of all these,  
The world grew old to make young.

All time hath traveled to this rose ;  
To the strange making of this face  
Come agonies of fires and snows ;  
And Death and April, nights and days  
Unnumbered, unimagined throes,  
Find in this flower their meeting place.

## VII

The foregoing pages have had to do almost solely with Mr. Le Gallienne's poetry ; and indeed it is in the capacity of a poet that he will ultimately be most distinguished. It must not be forgotten, however, that he has been a really voluminous writer, and that much of his best work has been in the form of prose. Even when as a young man, just a little more than twenty, he definitely set out upon his literary career in an old loft of an office in Liverpool, he dreamed of continuing the magnificent tradition of De Quincey and Pater and Stevenson, and others who had given to style such an æsthetic quality and such an emphasis as it had never possessed before. In attempting to realize his purpose he has written much and rather unevenly—prose fancies, light romances, brief reviews, longer critical works, serious essays, allegories, short stories, sketches, theological discus-

sions, versions of old legends, articles popularizing literature, introductions to other writers, etc. His own papers and prose works as collected into volumes now embrace nearly thirty titles. Of all of these books, from the standpoint of style and general literary quality, the early works, *The Book-Bills of Narcissus* and *Prose Fancies*, must always take high rank. Later collections, such as *Little Dinners with the Sphinx* and *Sleeping Beauty*, but carry on the tradition of the second of these books. *Narcissus* is really a study in the spiritual evolution of a young man of poetic temperament. The work most happily represents the poet's feeling for phrasing and for delicate fancy. Fancy, indeed, rather than pure imagination, is one of his outstanding qualities. He speaks of "vulgar lovers, that seek to flatter at the expense of yesterday," and of the boy who "chases the butterfly and thinks nought of the wood and the blue heaven." There are constantly present, however, the swift irony and the pessimism of the neo-romanticists. Thus we read: "If you ever engage me to write that life which, of course, must some day be written—I wouldn't write it myself—don't trouble about your diary. Give me your private ledger"; and "A great love comes and sets one's whole being singing like a harp, fills high heaven with rainbows, and makes our dingy alleys for a while bright as the streets of the New Jerusalem; and yet, if after five years we seek for what its incandescence has left us, we find, may be, a newly helpful epithet, maybe a fancy, at most a sonnet." Similarly, in *The Quest of the Golden Girl* we read: "When one is twenty and romantic one would scorn a woman who would jilt us for wealth and position; at thirty one would scorn any woman who didn't." *Prose Fancies* excels some of the later works because, embodying such qualities as these, it represents the author at the time when he was most fresh and original. "Be not oversolicitous of wedding-presents," he warns; "they carry a terrible rate of interest. A silver toast-rack will never leave you a Bank Holiday secure, and a breakfast service means at least a fortnight's 'change' to one or more irrelevant persons twice a year." Exceedingly personal and even autobiographic is most of his work, in some of his later books especially (*Vanishing Roads*, for instance) his point of view has become more and more detached

and objective. The old pessimism and fatalism still persist, however. Thus we read, at the end of the recent *Highways of Happiness*: "Those who have drunk too deep of the evil sweets of the Valley of Pleasure and have lingered overlong in the City of Folly may never, though they should at last find it, rest content in the Valley of Peace, but a fever is in their blood forever that drives them back to their old wilderness, however weary they may be thereof and wise concerning its nothingness." One cannot escape the impression that while much of Mr. Le Gallienne's prose is brilliant, the best hardly rises to the high level of the very best of his poetry.

As a critic, as was to be expected, Richard Le Gallienne has been æsthetic and appreciative rather than philosophical. He places great emphasis on personal estimates and little on definite principles. As early as in *Narcissus* he laid down his rule of faith: "Criticism is a good thing, but poetry is a better. Indeed, criticism properly *is* not; it is but a process to an end. We could really do without it much better than we imagine; for, after all, the question is not so much *how* we live, but *do* we live? Who would not a hundred times rather be a fruitful Parsee than a barren *philosophe*?" "No reading," we are advised, "does us any good that is not a pleasure to us." The definition of poetry follows the æsthetic tradition: "Poetry is that impassioned arrangement of words, whether in verse or prose, which embodies the exaltation, the beauty, the rhythm, and the pathetic truth of life." Moreover, "the first thing to realize about poetry is that the metre is the meaning,—even more than the words." In a review of a distinguished poet we are likely to find such words as the following on Swinburne: "Who am I, or any reader, that we should point out the specks in these windfalls from the Hesperides? Surely it befits us better to shut our eyes and open our mouths, and take gratefully what it pleases the gods to give us." Now any such criticism as this is of course the height of the unscientific. At the same time it is not without its distinct merits. It aims to praise rather than to blame; it inspires by a sympathetic attitude; it is in many instances definitely creative.

"The shortest way to the distinguishing excellence of any

writer," said Mr. Le Gallienne in beginning his book on Meredith, "is through his hostile critics; for it is always the quality they most diligently attack." No statement could better apply to his own work. Criticized for its extravagance, its conceits, and its sentimentality, out of these very qualities it has produced one of the strongest creative forces in English or American literature at the present time; and it is interesting to record that after years and years of delayed acceptance this superb poet and lover of the beautiful has at last come into his own.

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## SOME ASPECTS OF THE CRITICISM OF PAUL ELMER MORE

Paul Elmer More's critical series, the *Shelburne Essays*, have for the past twelve years appeared in book form at fairly regular intervals. The first volume was published in 1904, and the latest, the ninth, appeared in October of 1915. Among students of literature this work has already, I believe, acquired sufficient esteem to warrant its classification with the most serious and significant criticism that has been produced in America. Before attempting an exposition of this criticism it may be well to give a brief survey of the life of Mr. More.

### I

Paul Elmer More was born in St. Louis in 1864. After graduating from Washington University in 1887, he received the bachelor's degree from Harvard in 1892 and the master's in 1893. He was assistant in Sanskrit at Harvard in 1894-'95, and associate in Sanskrit and classical literature at Bryn Mawr from 1895 to 1897. From 1901 to 1903 he was literary editor of the *Independent*. In 1903 he became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and in 1909 editor-in-chief of the *Nation*, from which position he recently resigned, retaining, however, his relation to the paper as contributor and advisory editor. Mr. More has two brothers who have earned the distinction of being described in the *Who's Who* as educators and scientists.

In the essay on Thoreau in the first volume of the *Shelburne Essays* there is afforded a glimpse into Mr. More's mode of preparation for his critical labors. When a young man he lived for two years in a house in the valley of the Androscoggin near the village of Shelburne, spending the time in reading and meditation, and laying the foundation for what, besides his natural endowment and academic training, appears to be his peculiar strength as a critic—his wide and thoughtful reading. His formal education carried him into the domain of classical and oriental literature; in the field of English literature his reading has been excep-

tionally varied; in the world of philosophic thought he is at home from Plato to Bergson; and he exhibits a critical acquaintance with the philosophic aspects of modern natural science, and with the current tendencies of economics, sociology, and politics. Mr. More's equipment for the work of criticism consists in general in a first-hand acquaintance with much of the world's best literature, and a familiarity with the main intellectual and æsthetic currents of history. Interpretation, the preliminary to serious criticism, is to him not the detailed inductive study of the works of an author, but the classification of the works in their relation to these larger movements. Thus he explains Carlyle as a union of the Hindoo mystic and the Hebrew prophet, and he interprets the writings of Lafcadio Hearn as a synthesis of Hindoo philosophy, Japanese æstheticism, and occidental science. And from the study of the world's literature and philosophy and from fruitful meditation he has developed a philosophy and a vision of his own, which he applies to literature and other writings as the measuring-rod of judicial criticism.

## II

Of the classifications of criticism there are various methods, but all critical works can be conveniently grouped into one or more of three distinct classes: historical and scientific criticism, appreciation and impressionism, and judicial criticism. In the preface to the eighth series of the *Shelburne Essays* Mr. More has explained why his criticism is predominantly judicial. "There is a kind of criticism that limits itself to looking at the thing in itself, or at the parts of a thing as they successively strike the mind. This is properly the way of Sympathy. But there is a place also for another kind of criticism, which is not so much directed to the individual thing as to its relations with other things, and to its place as cause or effect in a whole group of tendencies. No criticism, to be sure, can follow one or the other of these methods exclusively. . . . The highest criticism would contrive to balance these methods in such manner that neither the occasional merits of a work nor its general influence would be unduly subordinated. . . . Yet there are times when the general drift of ideas is so dominant that a critic may at least be

pardoned if, with his eye on the larger relations, he does not bring out quite so clearly as he might the distinguishing marks of the writer or book with which he is immediately dealing. And if to his mind this general trend appears to be toward the desolation of what he holds very dear, you will at least understand how he can come to slight the sounder aspects of any work which, as a whole, belongs to the dangerous influences of the age."

Mr. More's criticism is not, as a rule, historical or scientific, although for this fact he has not given any such complete explanation as for the fact that it is not appreciation; yet various passages as well as the spirit of his work show that for this fact there is the same manner of explanation. Scientific criticism, by collecting and weighing all possible data, aims at reaching a less subjective and more accurate view than that which is attained by any other method. It properly includes biography and historical investigation, and aims at ascertainable facts to the exclusion of mere opinions. It is a well-known fact that this method has accomplished during the past thirty years much for which students of literature should be grateful; but it is a question whether it has not of recent years been overdone, and whether it does not involve assumptions that will hardly bear examination. The scientific study of literature arose as one phase of the modern scientific movement, which, beginning with biology and the physical sciences, has permeated all departments of intellectual life. The fundamental assumption of this whole movement is the law of causality, which means that any fact or occurrence is the mathematical product of its antecedents. In the words of Huxley: "The admission of the occurrence of any event which is not the logical consequence of the immediately antecedent events, according to these definite, ascertained or unascertained rules which we call the 'laws of nature,' would be an act of self-destruction on the part of science." The application of this theory or attitude to the study of literature affords a definite method of critical procedure. A work of literature is the product of a certain individual working over certain documents or sources. Hence, the importance that is attached to source studies. The individual himself is a composite of certain forces—his race, his ancestry, his

age, his education. By collecting all data of this sort one can account for the works of a writer as a natural product, or at least can satisfy the scientific curiosity for a knowledge of all ascertainable facts. The modern eugenists limit the field of the operation of the casual principle, and try to explain the individual as the product mainly of heredity. The socialists as a class seem to be agreed on the general principle that the individual is determined by some phase of his environment. On the other hand, an orthodox Christian might look on each personality as a new expression of the creative power of God. Although not belonging to any of these classes, Mr. More recognizes the value of historical studies, as is indicated by his own essays on Carlyle, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe; but he finds in the individual an element that is unaccountable and unpredictable. After showing how Carlyle exhibits the paradoxical temperament inherent in the Scotch character, he remarked: "But beyond such inheritance lies the genius of the man himself, the mystery of his brain, which no study of tradition or acquisition will explain." This idea of the mystery of the individual genius is a central one in Mr. More's criticism; and it implies what may well be a prudent skepticism; for although the average man may be more nearly the product of his antecedents and circumstances, the genius seems to stand apart in greater measure from both the forces of heredity and environment. The facts about Shakespeare, for instance, in no way account for him as our greatest poet. Most brothers of famous men are undistinguished; Milton, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Burns—can not we say that most men of rare distinction?—are set apart by their genius from both ancestors and descendants. The law of scientific causality seems to a great extent inoperative in the field of literary criticism; so that there is opportunity here for the work of the cultivated intuition which forms the basis of Mr. More's critical method.

This criticism of Mr. More's is predominantly judicial; it consists in applying his own philosophy or his own view of life to the works of a writer, and in approving or condemning them by this standard, or by portioning out the proper balance of praise or blame. The central problem in the exposition of his criticism is the explanation of his philosophy.

### III

The philosophy of Mr. More may be called the philosophy of dualism or of superrational intuition. It is based on intuition and the humanities rather than upon scientific laws and hypothesis or metaphysical speculation. The most important single source of this philosophy is Plato. In *The Drift of Romanticism*, the eighth volume of the series, Mr. More wrote: "Plato is at times merely the perplexing metaphysician; oftener he speaks from the depth of unexampled self-knowledge. All that is essential to the dualistic philosophy may be gathered from his dialogues, as hints and fragments of it may be found scattered through innumerable other writers, especially the inspired poets and philosophers of life." Again, in the preface to the same volume: "If I have hearkened to this voice, it is because with this key alone I have been able to find any meaning in my own experience of life, and still more because its admonition seems to me to correspond with the inner core of truth which, however diversified in terms and overlaid with extraneous matter, has been handed down unchanged by that long line of seers and sages from Plato and Aristotle to the present day, who form what may be called the church universal of the spirit."

The test that is to distinguish Plato the seer from Plato the perplexing metaphysician, and that is to separate the inspired poets from the uninspired, Mr. More finds in psychological introspection. Consciousness, when we look deeply into ourselves, tells us that we are ceaselessly changing, yet also tells us that we are ever the same. The changing element of our nature is called the flux. It is made up of impressions from the outer world and of impulses to action. The changeless element, which exerts itself intermittently as an inhibition upon this or that impulse, Mr. More calls the inner check. These terms, the flux and the inner check, obviously correspond to the distinction made in books of psychology between the Me and the I. Mr. More's idea of the relation of reason to these terms may be best indicated in his own words: "Reason, which is our instrument of analysis and definition, is itself an organ of the flux. In endeavoring, therefore, to define the element of our being contrary to its sphere, it can



only employ terms which express difference from the qualities of the flux and which must end in mere negation. . . . The error of the reason is to deny the existence of this absolute element because it must be defined in terms of negation. By the use of the term inner check we accept the inability of the reason to define positively this element of our being, but imply also that it may be the cause of quite positive and definable effects within the flux."

By starting from this conception of the dualism of consciousness, one can account for the antinomies that confront the thinker on all sides: the problem of the one and the many, being and becoming, good and evil, freedom and determinism. Mr. More's objection to all rationalistic philosophy is due to its tendency to reason things into some sort of unity. "Reason denies this contradictory dualism, and, starting with the elimination of one element of consciousness, proceeds, with the imagination, to build up a theory of life and the world based on the other element of consciousness. Thus two schools of pure metaphysics, under various names and disguises, have always existed side by side in irreconcilable hostility." On the side of the flux there is the philosophy of Heraclitus, mediæval nominalism, modern evolutionary philosophy, pragmatism, and the philosophy of Bergson. The philosophy of the one is pantheism, monism, or idealism. The error of idealism, according to this method, is that it denies the reality of the flux, and then defines the unifying force as a category of the reason instead of a spiritual experience and insight. On the other hand, the limitation of Mr. More's philosophy seems to be that it does not reconcile nature and the soul of man; it simply persists in being true to the facts of experience as far as it goes. Perhaps it is only a preliminary survey to a more penetrating synthesis, or perhaps no human insight can ever arrive at ultimate unity. In one passage Mr. More observed that "in this persistent opposition of the two schools of pure metaphysics, we have at once confirmation of the dualism of consciousness and evidence that no metaphysical theory will ever unriddle the secret of the world."

When applied to scientific theory the philosophy of dualism is as destructive as when dealing with pure metaphysics. In dis-

cussing science, Mr. More recognizes three classes: positive science, hypothetical science, and philosophical science. By positive science he means "the observation and classification of facts and the constant sequences in phenomena which may be expressed in mathematical formulæ or in the generalized language of law." By hypothetical science he means "the attempt to express in language borrowed from our sensuous experience the nature of a cause or reality which transcends such experience." Thus he points to Darwin's law of evolution that plants and animals develop from the simplest to the most complex forms of animate existence, as an example of achievement in the field of positive science. But he cites Darwin's theory of natural selection or the survival of the fit as a case of the transition from positive to hypothetical science. The union of hypothetical science with rationalistic philosophy produces what is considered the false philosophy of naturalism. Rationalism he defines as "the attempt to erect reason into an independent power within the soul, taking the place of the inner check or intuitive insight. Thus the conception of the world as the product of an endless series of mechanical causes and effects, or the vitalistic conception of the world as produced by self-evolution or self-creation, he cites as examples of this rationalistic materialism which he classifies under the general head of naturalism. In conclusion, legitimate science, according to Mr. More, is positive or experimental science; and the proper goal of scientific endeavor is the practical and the useful; thus carrying the field of the higher spiritual problems, and questions of the value and significance of life beyond the range of the *bona-fide* scientist.

With theology the philosophy of dualism is as incompatible as with rationalistic philosophy or philosophical science. Theology is based on mythology. "Mythology is the act of the imagination by which we people the world with dæmonic beings made in the likeness of our own souls." "Theology is an attempt to superimpose the abstracting activity of metaphysics upon the personal dualism of spontaneous mythology." Theology is thus a union of mythology and rationalism. The end of mythology is either rationalism or insight. "For most men the consequence of

theology is a state of fluctuation between rationalism and superstition." Christianity is one particular form of mythology.

An interesting example of Mr. More's sweeping syntheses is his identification in one essential particular of science and theology. "In my essay on Newman," he wrote, "I found it convenient to classify the minds of men figuratively in an inner and an outer group. In the outer group I placed the extremes of the mystic and the skeptic, and in the inner group the non-mystical religious mind and the non-skeptical scientific mind. These two classes of the inner group differ in their field of interest, the one being concerned with the observation of spiritual states, the other with the observation of material phenomena; but they agree in so far as the former passes from the facts of his spiritual consciousness to the belief in certain causes conceived as mythological beings and known by revelation, while the latter passes from the facts of his material observations to the belief in certain causes conceived as hypotheses and known by inference. Hypotheses, in other words, are merely the mythology, the *deus ex machina* of science, and they are eradicated from the scientific mind only by the severest discipline of skepticism, just as mythology is eradicated from the religious mind by genuine mysticism." Later, in the same volume Mr. More maintains again that insight and skepticism are the positive and negative aspects of truth. Insight is due to a clear consciousness of dualism; and skepticism is a denial to the faculties of the right to supplant this dualism by their own abstractions and combinations.

Although the philosophy of dualism is antagonistic to theology, Mr. More, by employing his own definitions of terms, brings it into essential harmony with religion. Pure religion is the life of spirituality. Of spirituality the positive and negative aspects are faith and disillusion. Faith is a force by which "the heart of man is brought to recognize the inner check as the constantly in-dwelling spirit." In the first book of the series he defined faith as "that faculty of the mind or soul which instinctively turns to the things of the spirit." The noteworthy fact about these definitions is the absence of any reference to a supernatural or superhuman mind or God, and the identification of the divine with man's own higher

self. The other element of spirituality, disillusion, is the conviction that the material world and the lower self, or the flux, is unfathomable, hostile, and evil. Disillusion is not a rational denial of the material world as a real, but a victory over it and a withdrawal from it. In one passage the author observed that "the true liberation comes only with the knowledge of the universality of evil and pain in human destiny, and with the consciousness that something within us stands apart from the everlasting flux and from our passions which also belong to the flux." The highest attainment of religious experience is a state of perfect peace in which the desires cease altogether and the higher self abides in blissful liberation. This is religious mysticism. In common practice, however, religion as here defined is "a complicated mood into which enter in varying degrees insight and faith, skepticism and disillusion, morality and mythology."

Although there is a considerable gap between pure religion as Mr. More defines it and the creations of the mythological imagination, the skepticism of the seeker after truth will keep him from dogmatic opposition to mythology. On the one hand, it will make him the foe of credulity and fanaticism, and will, on the other hand, restrain him from asserting that there may not be in mythology a revelation of the order of the universe. This skepticism will go hand in hand with humility, and will approve of any traditional form of worship that will enrich faith and expel doubt. It will look upon mythology as a possible stage on the way to insight and spirituality, and belief in a God as preliminary to a developing knowledge of the divine in man's own higher self.

Mr. More's observations on æsthetics and art in general are also in harmony with his central philosophy. The phenomena of nature are said to be beautiful when they appear to be under the control of a force corresponding to the inner check; in other words, beauty and sublimity are perceptions of the one in the many. Hence, the beauty of nature is a sort of external symbol and confirmation of our inner consciousness of dualism, and beauty is "a visible image of the possible happiness of the soul." And the arts rise in the scale of excellence as the imagination of the artist is subject to the inner check.

The ethical principles inculcated in the *Shelburne Essays* are also the outcome of the author's central philosophical and religious conceptions. As the divine or the spiritual is identified in his system, not with an infinite deity, but with the finite higher self, so the essence of the good is not indefinite expansiveness in any direction, but a limited and harmonious self-completeness. This is related to the Aristotelian doctrine that virtue resides in the mean. The proper method for the acquisition of this golden mean is the cultivation of the habit of control over our expansive nature. As a man acquires this control he grows in character. This placing of restraint and self-control in the center of Mr. More's ethical system probably accounts for his selection of the term 'inner check' as the most suggestive designation for the highest spiritual force. "A man of character is one in whom a vigorous disposition is continually controlled by the habit of attention, or the will to refrain. As character develops, the disposition takes on a more regular pattern; the impulses become harmonious as if arranged upon a center, and display a kind of unity in multiplicity. The outcome in conduct is consistence, self-direction, balance of faculties, efficiency, moral health, happiness." By rearranging the terms which Mr. More employed in his characterization of the philosophy of Nietzsche in the article on "The Lust of Empire," in the *Nation* (Oct. 22, 1914), one can secure a concise summary of his ethical creed: A faith or tradition which recognizes a power of right and justice lying beyond our impulsive nature and pronouncing a veto on the wilful expansion of that nature; an identification of self-restraint with moral health; a conception of the value of harmony and proportion and voluntary moderation; a search for happiness in self-conquest rather than in external achievement; an emphasis upon artistic and intellectual growth rather than upon the acquisition of wealth or power; the quest of contentment and peace of mind in place of worldly success. The central virtue of this ethical system is justice, which is "the will to produce the same harmony and balance in society as already exists in the individual." This is evidently good old traditional ethics, and is in perfect accord with Mr. More's philosophical and religious principles. With



many modern philosophies such an ethical system would be essentially incompatible. What philosophical justification could there be for voluntary self-restraint in the case of a man who accepts an optimistic pantheism, or for one who professes naturalism with all its implications? The only other system that harmonizes with these ethical principles is that of early Christianity, with its dualism of good and evil, heaven and earth, and a supernatural power in conflict with human depravity.

In deriving both his ethics and æsthetics from the same concentric principles, Mr. More accomplishes, from the point of view of literary criticism, a very significant feat. He identifies or harmonizes the æsthetic and the ethical points of view in criticism. We are all, of course, familiar with the saying that poetry is a criticism of life; and structurally it is perfectly obvious that a drama, an epic, or a narrative poem might teach a lesson as well as a prose discourse. But the identification of æsthetic form and ethical content goes further than this; for in poetry form implies structure—outline, arrangement, and proportion, as it does in prose; but it also means versification, a certain amount of rhythmical regularity, and often rhyme. Has Mr. More established some species of correlation between a poet's ethical and philosophical attitude and the quality of his verse, between religious insight and lyric power? Such an implication is discernible in various passages in his essays. In one place he observes that "genius, or inspiration, is measured by the degree to which the immediate consciousness of dualism enters into expression." This is one of the polarizing principles of the critical series, but it may be more profitably considered after several other phases of the dualistic philosophy have been discussed.

From the foregoing observations it is evident that Mr. More's is the classical rather than the romantic temper; and his opposition to romanticism is determined by the same principles that govern his attitude toward other problems. Romanticism is opposed because of its identification of the infinite with the oriental idea of boundlessness—that is, of vague, unlimited forces striving for expansion; instead of the Greek idea of the infinite as finite perfection or harmonious self-completeness, characterized

by absolute control at the center. Romanticism, according to Mr. More, had its origin in the merging of this oriental sense of vastness and vagueness with the occidental notion of the ego as an active emotional entity. The result of this was an "infinitely craving personality, the usurpation of emotion over reason, the idealization of love, and the confusion of the sensuous and the spiritual." Historically, romanticism arose to full force only when in the eighteenth century the Christian faith and the influence of the classics gave way before the rising tide of naturalism. The peculiar tone of the romantic poetry of the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century is due in part to the fact that it is a revolt against pseudo-classicism, but more to the assumption that this revolt is a return to spiritual insight. The affinity of romanticism with evolutionary philosophy is due to their common conception of the infinite as the unlimited. "Those limitless forces which were raised into the scientific hypothesis of a self-evolving, or rather self-creating, universe are the exact counterpart in outer nature of those limitless desires or impulses in the heart which are the substance of the romantic illusion." If this romantic notion of the infinite coexists with a refinement of the sensuous impressions, we have the æstheticism of Pater; if it is combined with an emphasis upon the self-assertive instincts, there results a titanism like that of Nietzsche; if it is blended with a rationalistic philosophy, there emerge the evolutionary doctrines of Darwin and Huxley. These systems all agree in an identification of the self with the flux instead of an opposition to it; and work out into an attitude of spiritual *laissez-faire* which precludes the possibility of man's achieving any real control over his own destiny.

There is only one more aspect of the philosophy of dualism that, to the writer of this article, seems necessary to an understanding of it as an instrument of criticism—that is, its opposition to humanitarianism. By humanitarianism Mr. More means the conviction that civic virtue can be produced by instinctive sympathy, without requiring the restraint of the inner check, or of the outer check of civil law. He controverts this tendency of humanitarianism by virtue of his definitions of personality, tem-

perament, disposition, etc., in the *Definitions of Dualism*. The gist of the matter is that sympathy operates happily until it comes into conflict with another instinctive force, self-interest, when it invariably takes a second place. The result is that sympathy as a regulative social force always fails at just the time when it is most needed, and abdicates in favor of an unrestrained, romantic self-assertion. Mr. More's explanation of this state of affairs is that, since sympathy is one of the personal feelings and as such belongs to the flux, it is an error to assume that it is a power capable of taking the place of the rational self-restraint that is exercised by the inner check or the higher self.

It might be interesting to follow the ramifications of Mr. More's theories into other fields, and to explain his opposition to democracy, socialism, and the unlimited elective system in education; but this would add nothing essential to one's knowledge of his philosophy as an organ of criticism. And I infer that many of his ideas in these fields, especially his opposition to democracy and socialism, are more assailable than his more purely literary criticism, and that they are based on definitions of terms which many would be unwilling to accept.

In a resurvey of his system as a whole it is obvious that his philosophy is based on the assumption of a certain hierarchy of the faculties. At the bottom of the scale is sense perception; above this are the faculties of memory, imagination, and reason; and highest of all is the higher intuition, which he maintains is the source of true insight, the faculty which determines artistic genius and poetic inspiration, and which is a power above the sphere and the comprehension of reason. Indeed, the noteworthy thing about this system is the relatively low place assigned to the reasoning faculty. Yet, in one place the author remarked: "It does not follow, because the metaphysical use of the reason is essentially erroneous, that reason has no proper function in philosophy. In discriminating the effects of the inner check in the sphere of the flux, reason is at work from the first act of attention to the last trait of character." In other words, reason is the faculty that makes distinctions, and thus is a valuable force in the service of intuition. Its practical value in the sphere of

science and conduct is obvious; and after intuition it is the main faculty operative in the field of literary criticism. In fact, Mr. More's own criticism consists mainly of a series of clear-cut, logical distinctions supplemented by lyric thrills.

#### IV

The philosophy of dualism is, then, the standard which Mr. More employs in his judicial criticism; and a considerable majority of the *Shelburne Essays* are constructed on the method of applying one or more phases of this philosophy to the works of a writer, and in apportioning praise and blame accordingly. Chronologically, the literary studies were written first, and the philosophy of dualism as expounded in a series of definitions did not appear until the publication of the eighth volume of the series; but this philosophy had been thought out much earlier, and is implicit or explicit throughout the whole series.

In the light of this system, the reason for Mr. More's approval or disapproval of an author is obvious. He approved, on the whole, the following authors and philosophers: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Pascal, Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Thomas Browne, Crabbe, Cowper, Sainte Beuve, Byron as the author of *Don Juan*; Keats, Emerson, Longfellow, and Thoreau; and he disapproved either as a whole or in some special aspect of the works of William Beckford, Rousseau, Wordsworth, Shelley, Newman, Pater, Arthur Symonds, Browning, Walt Whitman, Huxley, Kipling, Fitzgerald, William Morris, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche. The Greek philosophers are extolled because their philosophy was dualistic, and the mediæval Christian writers for the same reason. Shelley, as a romanticist and a humanitarian, is condemned for his general attitude. Wordsworth was the prophet of pantheistic revery and of submission to the guidance of impulses that come from a passive communion with nature; his doctrine was the opposite of the self-control and the intellectual discipline that are the requisites of Mr. More's system. And Wordsworth's tendency to idealize the untutored instincts of the average man was too much in line with the modern trend of humanitarianism. Cardinal Newman was praised as "a man

born with deep religious needs and instincts, a man to whom the spiritual world was the absorbing reality," but who stopped short of the last step. "He might have risen to the supreme insight which demands no revelation and is dependent on no authority, but is content within itself," but he reverted to the system of Christian mythology, and "found it necessary to warp the facts of spiritual experience so as to make them agree with a physical revelation." Mr. More disapproves of Browning because the latter seeks to justify our existence "by the sheer bravado of human emotion"; and, furthermore, because Browning does not recognize the dualism of good and evil in life, or perceive the break between the lower and the higher natures of man. Walt Whitman loafs and invites his soul, and, like Wordsworth, practises the doctrine of a "wise passiveness." Huxley is an uncompromising naturalist; and to defend his position has to resort to sophistry and to shifting of ground. The philosophy and the ethics of Nietzsche are in every particular the opposite of that promulgated in the *Shelburne Essays*. On the other hand, Sir Henry Wotton and Sir Thomas Browne are appreciated for their sane attitude toward life and their harmonious character. Emerson is praised for his intuitive insight, which enables him to enunciate, often oracularly and bewilderingly, the contradictory phases of the fundamental duality of life. Keats is distinguished by a certain æsthetic humility which sets him apart from the other romanticists. Byron, as the author of *Don Juan*, is approved, because in this poem he showed "the power of the human heart to mock at all things," and "set forth the possibility of standing above and apart from all things"; thus condemning the flux and manifesting at least the negative aspect of spirituality, disillusion. This same disillusion was expressed in a greater variety of ways, more poignantly and more poetically by Shakespeare. Longfellow is also praised because in his poetry he expresses "an inward serenity and unvexed faith, in contrast to the contemporary vogue of overstressed emotion and perturbation of mind." Thoreau is selected for approbation above the German romanticists by whom he was greatly influenced, because, unlike them, he found in nature not an incentive to relaxing, pantheistic revery, but a discipline of the will and a means to character.



## V

So much for the chief methods and standards of Mr. More's criticism. For the rest there remains the fundamental question of the suggestive value, the intellectually illuminative power, or the truth of this critical system. And first to be weighed is the inward problem as to whether the author has discovered some correlation between philosophic truth and the excellence of artistic technique, between spiritual insight and lyric beauty. In one passage, as noted above, he wrote: "Genius, or inspiration, is measured by the degree to which the immediate consciousness of dualism enters into expression." If this were true, we should expect that those poets who have achieved the highest success in the sphere of form and lyric beauty would be in their general attitude toward life either intuitive or reflective dualists. How is it with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton? Chaucer, to begin with, was actuated by a large sympathy and love for the world as it is; so that he could hardly be credited with any aristocratic desire to withdraw from what we have been calling the flux to the guarded heights of his higher self; yet beneath his humor and much of the delight that he must have felt in character study lay that incongruity between profession and practice, between moral or religious ideals and actual conduct, that is in harmony with the dualistic view of life. The duality of good and evil might be taken as the subject in the abstract of *The Canterbury Tales*. The interesting fact about Chaucer is that the spectacle did not produce in him a mood of indignation or pathos, or resignation, or disillusion, but one of intellectual gusto in the functioning of his own perceptive powers.

Milton more indubitably belongs to the dualists. His theology, Christian theism, is a type of dualistic doctrine that admits, according to Mr. More, of a large measure of spiritual insight. Moreover, Christian theology was bound up with a system of ethical principles that agree in most essential particulars with those of the philosophy of intuitive insight. As regards Milton's poetry, a comparison with Shelley may help to clarify the distinction between humanistic and sentimental art. Shelley was a romanticist and a humanitarian; he believed in the perfectibility



of human society through the power of sympathy and love. He idealized instinct and emotion, and made no effort to put a check upon the expansiveness of his own impulsive nature. Milton, although he believed solemnly in the divine nature of poetic inspiration, held also that study and labor was to be his portion in life. It is probable that as a result of this different ethical and philosophical attitude Shelley and Milton differ in the formal beauty of their poetry. There is an epic symmetry in *Paradise Lost* that is not found in *Alastor* or *Prometheus Unbound*, and in *Lycidas*, a harmonious unity and a uniform excellence of poetic expression that is not equaled in Shelley's *Adonais*; for although the latter has images of radiant beauty and an entrancing music of words, these are intermingled with technical blemishes and lapses of taste. The humanistic attitude of Milton led him to cultivate self-control and to acquire discipline, so that he was enabled to devote that fastidious attention to form which achieved both structural symmetry and beauty of detail; while Shelley, in accordance with a less robust ideal, was content to turn out work unequal and unpruned.

With Shakespeare the dualistic attitude did not follow as a result of his acceptance of any theological system or classical philosophy, but developed, as far as we can determine, from his first-hand experience of life and the evolution of his creative insight. And in his poetic development he appears to have passed through a naturalistic and sentimental period with the early poems, sonnets, and sentimental comedies, to a more classical and humanistic temper in the later comedies and the tragedies, and finally to a mood of peaceful reconciliation between the lower and the higher self, in which he recognized the duality of good and evil in life, and the necessity of the subordination of the lower impulses to the intellect and the will. And step by step with this development toward the dualistic attitude there is perceptible a growing sense of disillusion, the opposition of the soul to the outer world, which deepens toward the end of the sonnets, and finds its most perfect dramatic expression in *King Lear* and *The Tempest*.

Indeed, if one will accept Mr. More's definitions of religion, he might argue for the essentially religious spirit of the writings

of Shakespeare; for in them the divine is not found in a super-human power, but in the insight and spiritual dignity with which, as in the case of Prospero, the soul of man recognizes its superiority over its natural environment. Any argument as to whether or not Shakespeare had an intelligible philosophy of life seems to me superfluous after the constructive criticism of Professor Bradley and Professor Sherman. Skepticism and insight, disillusionment and humanistic ethical standards, bring his writings into harmony with the teachings of what Mr. More called the church universal of the spirit; his attitude as a whole into distinct relief against such philosophies as the naturalistic optimism of Wordsworth and the supernaturalistic optimism of Browning.

Mr. More's theory, then, seems to be true, or at least suggestive and illuminating, when compared with the practice of the greatest English poets. But there is another method by which he attempts with much apparent success to prove the truth of his doctrine—that is through his biographical studies. There is here shown how the acceptance of a philosophy or an ethical outlook at variance to that of dualism works out a nemesis of discontent, ill health, unhappiness, loss of influence, or national disaster, which, in the variety of illustration and cogency of example, produces a highly effective argument for the truth of this doctrine. If one considers the untimely death of many of the romantic poets, the private lives of Rousseau and Shelley, the career of Oscar Wilde, the discontent and loss of influence of Cardinal Newman, the anti-climax of Wordsworth's poetic career, the fact that Nietzsche ended his life in a madhouse, and finally the present European war as the effect of the dissemination throughout Germany of the ideas of Nietzsche and Bernhardt, he will find here much data for the verification of Mr. More's ethical philosophy.

But the final decision as to the truth of Mr. More's literary and philosophical criteria remains to be made; and the conclusion one reaches will depend upon his acceptance or rejection of the fundamental assumption—that is, of the hierarchy of the faculties. What is the nature and the validity of intuition, and is it super-rational or subrational? Mr. More explained that only by the

assumption that it is superrational could he find any meaning in his own experience or justify his reverence for certain poets and philosophers. It is obvious, of course, that Mr. More does not consider all intuition superrational, most being subrational, such as the intuition of the senses. Also much of the ordinary kind of immediate and unreflective opinion and belief, such as is grounded in custom, convention, prejudice, or self-interest, would clearly be classified under subrational types of mental activity. But the intuition of the genius or of the most gifted and best-balanced minds, of the great poets and artists and philosophers Mr. More believes is in general to be more trusted as a guide to spiritual truth than the conclusions of purely logical and reflective minds. One might paraphrase after the formula of the pragmatists our author's faith in the power of the cultivated intuition by saying that he assumed the superrational character of intuition because from his point of view it worked. But what would the scientist say?—for these essays contain a host of ideas mobilized for an attack upon the domineering scientific spirit of the age; they comprise an extended argument by exposition for the affirmative of the proposition; literature is of more importance than science. The assumptions of the scientist or of the rationalistic philosopher on the subject of the relation of reason and intuition would probably be different from that underlying these essays. Only by the assumption that reason is supreme and that intuition is subrational could they find the desired meaning in their experience and justify the things that they hold dear. In order to transcend the influence of personal bias and professional prejudice, it is necessary to investigate impartially the nature of intuition.

But little light on this subject has been obtainable from recent works on psychology. This may be accounted for, I believe, by the more positive and less speculative character of modern psychology, and by the fact that intuition as commonly employed refers to mental processes that are distinguished by psychologists under different and more specific terms. With regard to Plato's use of the term intuition, there seems to be some difference of opinion. One student of Plato maintains that reason was for

Plato the supreme power; and that by intuition he simply meant opinion, which he held to be subrational. On the other hand, Mr. More observed in one place that "the word reason, especially in the Platonic dialect, has often been used as synonymous with superrational intuition."

In the absence of any scientific agreement as to the nature of intuition, one must needs resort to speculation. What is the relation of artistic intuition to memory, reason, emotion, and imagination? Some have answered this question by identifying intuition with memory. In Plato this identification took the form of a sudden recollection of the world of Divine Ideas which the soul had known in a pre-existent state. And modern studies in science and ethical theory are full of strange suggestions as to how the past of the race lives on in the individual. On this view, intuition might be an expression of tradition, a residuum of the racial experience; an inherited tendency to adopt the proper spiritual attitudes, as instinct is the inherited tendency to make useful reactions upon sense stimuli. There is a school of ethical theory which holds that conscience is the voice of the race speaking in the individual; what was learned by experience in the race surviving in the individual as an intuitive guide to conduct. And Mr. More, in the essay on Lafcadio Hearn, has suggested that this principle might be applied to the entire sphere of art: "Genius itself, the master of music and poetry and all art that enlarges life, genius itself is nothing other than the reverberations of this enormous past on the sounding board of some human intelligence, so finely wrought as to send forth in purity the echoed tones which from a grosser soul come forth deadened and confused by the clashing of the man's individual impulses."

The identification of intuition with a highly developed cognitive function has likewise had advocates. Edgar A. Poe, who was distinguished alike for poetic genius and analytic power, once explained intuition as reasoning which has acquired such facility by exercise that it leaps to its conclusions in a flash. The extreme illustration of the identifying of intuition with acute reasoning is furnished by his essay, "The Philosophy of Composition," in which he explained his mode of composing *The Raven*.

In this he maintained that each step in the composition of the poem was taken as the result of an analytical process, his poetic genius simply obeying the dictates of his reason. But what seems a more illuminating account of the relation of reason to intuition is found in an article by C. A. Bennett, "Bergson's Doctrine of Intuition," in the January, 1917, number of the *Philosophical Review*. Professor Bennett believes that intuition and analysis are alternating but supplementary processes. Analysis is an endless process of adding predicates to a subject. Intuition is an imaginative sympathy by which we realize the nature of a subject from within; "it is a seeing of why and how all these predicates belong together in the subject." Intuition differs from instinct, since the latter exhausts itself in action, while intuitive knowledge can be held up in the mind for contemplation and can pass into analysis. The relation of reason to intuition is explained by reference to the statement that intuition consists in "seeing how predicates belong together"; for analysis supplies these predicates, so that "the richness and the significance of an intuition are dependent upon the amount of analysis that has preceded it." If the intuition is pre-analytical, it is liable to be sentimental, if post-analytical, it will reveal more critical depth and acumen. The process of intuition itself seems to be a flash of the synthetic imagination in which one fuses the results of his own knowledge and analysis, so that reason and intuition seem to be alternating but supplementary processes, each working for the development and enrichment of the other.

In view of these conclusions, intuition, as a general term for the higher mental function, might be regarded as the harmonious co-operation of all the faculties—instinct, emotion, memory, reason, and imagination, directed to the consideration of subjects of the highest import. On this view, the precondition of a reliable intuition would be a finely-wrought organization capable of transmitting without discord the experience of the race; an aptitude for self-expression through some technical medium, an acquired culture due to the storing of the memory with the riches of tradition; the attainment of a high degree of analytical or reflective power; and the achievement of a harmonious character

through discipline and self-control. This conclusion with regard to the intuition, the accepted term for the function of the great poet, recalls the famous definition of the poet formulated by Coleridge: "The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity."

Some such general theory of the psychological functions that produce literature, and of their trustworthiness as a guide to the higher truth, is at the basis of Mr. More's criticism. But in it there is also a mystical element that has eluded our analysis. Within or above the functions there is conceived to be a power, man's higher self, that Mr. More calls the inner check, which is regarded as outside of and above the natural order, and which directs the operation of the faculties, employing them as intermediaries between itself and the body and the more remote natural environment.

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## THE POETRY OF GEORGE ELIOT

It has been somewhat the fashion to deny George Eliot the honor and credit of the name of poet. She has not had, the critics said, the dream and the consecration. She has not been admitted into that ideal realm where the poet sees his characters, penetrates their secrets, feels with them the agonies and ecstasies, and then descending to earth remembers and transcribes for a listening world. She has not seen her men and women whole, has not heard the warm words falling from the warm lips, but has taken various elements of character and experience which have interested her, and put them together in a simulacrum which has had no more life than Hawthorne's Feathertop.

Nevertheless there has been general recognition of the poetical quality of George Eliot's prose. Poetry was just a short excursion beyond. A more strenuous uplift of the pinions, a fuller abandonment to the creative impulse, would have attained the heights where the expression would have become rhythmic by the inherent necessity of the endeavor. At least so it seems to those of us who reverence the work and genius of the great writer.

It is clear that George Eliot was of the same opinion in regard to the general potentialities of her achievement. Her literary career had few elements of immaturity in it. She had passed the flush and heyday of youth when the *Scenes from Clerical Life* made her readers wonder whether the masculine pseudonym did not conceal the ardors and inconsistencies of a woman's heart. To be sure, in all this George Sand had preceded her; no doubt in both cases it was a distinct challenge to recognition on the high plane of equality, as well as a proud assurance that the questions to be discussed, the problems to be presented for solution, and the scenes and characters to be dealt with were as lofty and as important as the novelist had ever undertaken. The great French woman was satisfied with the medium which she had originally chosen, and to which she was able to give the music and suggestiveness of a composition by Beethoven. The English mistress of prose in many places found her feeling and

intention ready to break through the prosaic confinement; and at length yielded to the overpowering temptation, and set forth on a voyage beset with many and serious perils. Did she reach the haven? Is the verse to be considered in the same category as the prose? Are its flights mechanical, or do they have the true spirit of levitation?

I begin with some extracts from the *Spanish Gypsy*. Had this book received the sympathetic response which its author expected, it is by no means improbable that other equally courageous adventures in the regions of the drama would have followed. As the reception of the book was rather coldly courteous, the fastidiously sensitive writer was unwilling to hazard another possible failure.

The keynote of the work, which, like *Daniel Deronda*, deals with the subject of race and race-prejudice, is struck in these sonorous and impassioned lines falling from the lips of the Prior-Inquisition, who appears at the crucial moment of the play:—

I read a record deeper than the skin.  
What! Shall the trick of nostrils and of lips  
Descend through generations, and the soul  
That moves within our frame like God in worlds—  
Convulsing, urging, melting, withering—  
Imprint no record, leave no documents,  
Of her great history? Shall men bequeath  
The fancies of their palates to their sons,  
And shall the shudder of restraining awe,  
The slow wept tears of contrite memory,  
Faith's prayerful labor, and the food divine  
Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away  
Like wind upon the waters tracklessly?

The lyric poignancy of emotion and the inevitable expression which have been mentioned as among the gifts to which she has no rightful claim, are evident in the following stanzas:—

The world is great; the birds all fly from me,  
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree  
All out of reach; my little sister went,  
And I am lonely.

The world is great; the wind comes rushing by,  
I wonder where it comes from; sea birds cry  
And burst my heart; my little sister went  
And I am lonely.

George Eliot had, we believe, a mastery of poetical form. Who can doubt it, when listening to such music as this:—

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,  
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air;  
It seemed the stars were shining with delight,  
And that no night was ever like this night.  
All clung with praise to Jubal; some besought  
That he would teach them his new skill; some caught  
Swiftly, as smiles are caught in looks that meet,  
The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat;  
'Twas easy following where invention trod—  
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

If one makes an examination of plot and construction, one will not find the poems any less consummate, any less successfully contrived, any less brilliant in climax or conclusion than the novels. Indeed, the similarity of procedure in *Romola* and the *Spanish Gypsy* is evident on the surface. There is the same elaborate orientation into the historic temper and atmosphere, there is the same minute painting of the background by the introduction of all sorts of characters, high and low, there is the same play of humor about eventualities whose sole purpose is to make us acquainted with the life of a civilization alien to us both in place and time. Blasco, Hinda, Juan, Raldau, Annibal, Pepita, play their light and evanescent parts in the Spanish drama purely to the end that we may envisage the land and the loves and the labors of a people subject to warmer suns and more primitive conditions than our own. The conduct of the play is as legitimately devised, is as full of alternations of humor and intensity, reaches as high and moving a culmination, relapses into as deep a final serenity as the novel. They both have the defects of her qualities, and altogether in the same way.

When I now turn to the *Legend of Jubal* my conclusions are strengthened, for here the mastery of the rhymed couplet is complete. One will have to go back to Pope to find the pungent and epigrammatic distinction which he cultivated with such success; one will have to go to Dryden to discover the virile largeness and directness of the viewpoint. In the poem of Jubal the patriarchal life is envisaged with remarkable breadth and vigor, the begin-

nings of civilization are reproduced with singular skill and effectiveness, the awakening of the wider intelligence and interpretative power which make the artistic impulse and achievement, is presented with contagious enthusiasm, and the tragic conclusion is full of pathos and mystery. The technical construction of the poem is masterly, and George Eliot may demand recognition as a poet on the ground of this poem alone; but the others are like it, and add to the cogency of the claim.

The charge is further pronounced against her that her song lacks spontaneity and is capable only of slow and somewhat wearisome flights. The same charge can be brought against the novels. This may be no satisfactory defence, but the poet of a complex and questioning age, or the writer of fiction in a controversial and scientific period, has the difficulty to meet and to overcome. The contemporaries of George Eliot were in the same dilemma. Tennyson sounding the heights and depths of the Evolutionary Theory as he found it narrowed on English soil made of the *In Memoriam* an elegy, perhaps the most impressive that we possess, but hardly a light effusion of the Muse to speed the passage of a summer afternoon under the trees. Robert Browning's vehement assertions of the sufficiency and fundamentality of the spiritual life, permeated by a wide acquaintance with many literatures and recondite learning of all sorts, paid for his persistence and devotion by listening patiently to accusations of premeditated obscurity, and waiting long for the sure but slow-coming recognition.

George Eliot is in the same category with her co-workers and compeers. The *Spanish Gypsy* is as light reading as *Ferishtah's Fancies* or the *Egoist* or *Sartor Resartus* or the noble tribute to young Hallam.

The poem "A Minor Prophet" has not received the attention which it deserves. It is really one of George Eliot's most significant utterances. Its hero, an American, Elias Baptist Butterworth—the name has all sorts of connotations—is a vegetarian, who believes that the millenium is sure to come when he has converted man to practical acceptance of his theories. Butterworth preaches his doctrine passionately in and out of season, and re-

ligiously adheres to it himself. He is one of those seers delineated by their creator with such earnestness and intensity that one wonders how far the interest manifested in them means an acceptance of their fervor and foresight. Dinah Morris, the incarnation of youth's beliefs and prophetic imaginings; Savonarola, the fierce arraigner of the present realizations and the intense determinator of a kingdom on earth like the heavenly one; Sephardo, the possessor of a cosmic learning and liberality, at an important crisis in historic progress and mutation; Mordecai, the pathetic upholder of an undefeated cause, forever resurrected from every burial in whatsoever noisome tomb, beholding the illustrious triumph which is sure to come, be it soon or late; Elias Baptist Butterworth, uncouth descendant of a narrow-minded Cromwellian, Puritanic ancestry, having the beatific vision of a perfected social organization, unspotted from the tragic violence which is scientifically and by a strange misnomer euphemistically called the struggle of existence and the survival of the fittest—these are great figures in the world of George Eliot.

The comment in the poem on Elias Baptist Butterworth is written in its author's highest strain, with an abandon, a force, an uplift, that give it a place quite its own; there are exultant lines which exceed the limits of time and space, and emerge from the regions of spontaneous assurance and freedom:—

Yet no! the earth yields nothing more divine  
Than high prophetic vision—than the seer  
Who fasting from man's meaner joy beholds  
The paths of beauteous order, and constructs  
A fairer type to shame our low content.

The "College Breakfast Party" is a remarkable imaginative *tour de force*. It again illustrates George Eliot's catholicity of conception, and is written with a buoyance which indicates that the author is thoroughly at home, and rejoices in the freedom which home above all else gives. Here are five well-defined persons, engaged in a discussion of man's highest good and the social order, after a morning meal in the rooms of Horatio, who, in the character of host, maintains a discreet silence, and gives free play to the brilliant fencing of his guests. The polished priest for



whom the gathering has been made gives a consummate statement of the view that all efforts at a philosophy of ethics must lead into an inevitable cul-de-sac, because man's highest good is preëminently transcendental, and refuses earthly mensurations; the invitation of a supernatural authority soliciting obedience and assuring deliverance can alone furnish the mediation into the ultimate peace and spirituality. He retires before any discussion of his position begins, for the position as he puts it admits of no discussion. The view that culture and refinement are all that a man requires to be saved, the complete negation of all possibility of attainment with suicide as the outlet, the paramount need of the discovery of a primary principle, the loyal obedience to the constantly developing social realizations, the ardent discipleship of youth eager to find justification for vivid and limitless hopefulness, battle back and forth with apparent earnestness and sincerity. There is no expressed agreement, but one becomes conscious of some higher ideality, in which the disputants may all find satisfaction.

The speakers are named after persons in the play of *Hamlet*, and so we have a scene at a modern University of Wittenberg. The young man, who is called after Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark, in consequence of the discussion has a luminous vision of the perfected social order, which, however, he deems it premature to disclose. The new play of *Hamlet* will have life, not death, as its conclusion.

The parallelisms between the novels and the poems are many and remarkable. For every poem a corresponding treatment in prose can be found. The devotion of Romola to her scholar father is matched by the acquiescences of Fedalma in the purposes of Zarca, notwithstanding the sore trouble of total inability of full understanding and sympathy. The mother of Daniel Deronda, with her fierce upbraidings at a fate which debarred her from her artistic career, finds an equally fervid analogue in Armgart. The satisfaction which Agatha displays in her narrow and uninspiring surroundings recalls the simple folk treated in so many ways in the stories of the so-called provinces. The "Brother and Sister" sonnet sequence inevitably brings the *Mill on the*

*Floss* to mind. Jubal and Klensmer, Don Silva and Deronda, Lisa and Mirah, can readily be bracketed for reasons inherent in their experiences and characteristics. Of the fiery-hearted seers I have already spoken; the minor personages are not unlike their congeners in the regions of prose. Indeed, the relatively small volume of poems contains the essentials of George Eliot's deliverances; the novels enlarge the canvas, introduce a multitude of figures, deepen the analysis and the impression, but the burden is similar, the utterance is of the same texture and import. This is not intended as a depreciation, it only states the fact of the author having made, as I think, successful adventures, profound and excellent, in the dual mediums of prose and poetry, an achievement well worth high consideration. The poems are as good as the novels, and, if the author attains the merit of fame in the one, she has as perfect a claim to it in the other, and the crown she wears of right should be a double circle.

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## BULWER-LYTTON FORTY YEARS AFTER<sup>1</sup>

This is among the most informing and interesting biographies that have appeared in English in the last decade. In point of literary importance it will probably rank second only to the biographies of Tennyson and Gladstone. For Bulwer-Lytton was one of the most prolific and distinguished authors that England produced during the nineteenth century. Nor was he great only in the department of literature. His achievement in the field of politics was hardly less conspicuous or brilliant than in the realm of letters. He enjoyed, also, no mean reputation as an orator, being regarded among the most effective speakers in Parliament, and that, too, in the period when Macaulay, Palmerston, Disraeli, Bright, and even Gladstone used to thrill and hold that august body spellbound with their eloquence.

The present biography, in two volumes, is the fulfilment of an obligation assumed two generations ago and handed down from father to son. Bulwer-Lytton himself began the task of writing his autobiography and at his death imposed upon his son the obligation of completing the unfinished work. His son Robert Lytton, in acknowledgment of his inherited obligation, continued the biography and published the first instalment of two volumes in 1883, but a few years later died in Paris as British ambassador to France, leaving his assumed obligation unfulfilled. It remained for the grandson, the present Earl of Lytton, to gather up the threads and to complete the task left unfinished by his father and grandfather. It is therefore to the present Earl of Lytton that we are indebted for this valuable *Life of Edward Bulwer*, the first Lord Lytton, now presented to the public in two portly volumes.

The author has followed the usual plan of incorporating into his biography many letters, complete and fragmentary, which throw a flood of light upon the career and character of Bulwer-Lytton. The Earl of Lytton has not simply added to the instalment previously published by his father,—a book now out of

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<sup>1</sup>*The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton*, by his grandson, the Earl of Lytton. Macmillan & Co., Limited, London. 1913.

print,—but has worked up the subject entirely anew, incorporating into the present work the part of the autobiography left in manuscript by his grandfather. This covered only the first twenty-two years of Bulwer-Lytton's life. The present biography does not attempt any criticism of Bulwer-Lytton's literary works; it simply chronicles them in their proper place and sequence and recites the circumstances incident to their composition. The underlying assumption is that the works have been too long before the public to require any criticism at this time. The result, however, is an extremely entertaining and interesting book and a valuable contribution to the ever increasing department of English biography.

The Bulwers were an old Norfolk family, having held lands there since the Norman Conquest. Edward, the third and youngest son of General William Earle Bulwer and Elizabeth Barbara Warburton Lytton, was born in London, May 25, 1803. Young Edward, the autobiography informs us, from being an object of indifference, became an object of positive dislike to his father, whose interest under the law of primogeniture was naturally centred in his eldest son William. But the father's dislike served but to intensify the mother's affection for her youngest son to whom she clung tenaciously, especially after the death of General Bulwer.

The autobiography records among the earliest recollections of young Edward a severe flogging he received at the hands of his irritable maternal grandfather for having purloined a cutlass of a young midshipman while at dinner at the grandfather's. Bulwer recites this painful incident in minute detail as conclusive evidence of his grandfather's intense dislike for him. The autobiography records another early incident how, when a mere babe in arms, Bulwer was snatched away from his nurse by an escaped maniac who held the infant up with much solemnity and when told by the awe-stricken nurse that he was the son of General Bulwer, the crazy man prophesied that the child would be greater than his father and something really remarkable. Then throwing the babe back into the nurse's arms, the poor maniac rushed off to a near-by pond and straightway drowned himself.

On the death of General Bulwer his widow with her youngest son Edward made her home at her father's, and when her father died, she and Edward moved to London and took up their residence there. She inherited among other things her father's large library, and it was among the books of this library in his London home that young "Teddy," as his mother familiarly called him, "was consumed with an insatiable desire for knowledge."

The autobiography furnishes an entertaining account of young Edward's varied experiences during his school days. His mother sent him to one preparatory school after another and subsequently to Eton, that famous school near Windsor where so many distinguished English statemen and men of letters received their early training. At nineteen Bulwer entered Trinity College, Cambridge, whither his two older brothers had preceded him. Here he became a member of the Union Debating Society in which he received his forensic training for his subsequent career in Parliament. His first efforts in this debating school were a dismal failure, but by dint of perseverance and study he surmounted his difficulties and came to hold his own with the foremost debaters in his time. Bulwer tells us that the greatest display of eloquence he ever heard at this debating club was made by Macaulay, who spoke on the French Revolution. "Macaulay, in point of power, passion and effect, never equalled that in his best days in the House of Commons." It was Macaulay, Bulwer says, who kindled his imagination and fired him with the ambition to cultivate his gift of eloquence in the hope that he might rival Macaulay some day.

On leaving Cambridge Bulwer spent the next few years in travelling in the British Isles and on the Continent, going abroad for the first time in 1825. On his arrival upon the Continent at Boulogne, he met his friend Frederick Villiers, who had an affair of honor to settle with a British officer. Bulwer served Villiers as second in the duel and demonstrated his courage beyond any question. In Paris Bulwer found *entrée* into the circles of the best society "and was received with marked courtesy at the select *soirées* of the principal members of the Administration." While in the French metropolis he printed privately



a collection of poems under the caption *Woods and Wild-flowers* and worked at his sombre tale of *Falkland*.

Just at this point in Bulwer's early career the autobiography abruptly breaks off—either because in the next chapter he would have had to record the melancholy and bitter memories of his unhappy marriage, or because he began his autobiography, as his grandson suggests, "on the erroneous supposition that his public activities were likely to be greatly diminished, if not entirely suspended." However, Bulwer's subsequent participation in politics and his renewed activities in literature furnish us an example, quite as exceptional as it is illustrious, of a writer's misjudging his own intellectual powers and resources. For after Bulwer's resolution to curtail his literary and political activities, as above indicated, he lived to accomplish his most important work in politics and to write the most mature and permanent productions of his creative imagination.

The decade from 1825-1835 is perhaps the most gloomy and pathetic and at the same time the most checkered in Bulwer's unhappy life. For it was during this period that he met, courted and married against his mother's wishes and protest, the beautiful, but ill-tempered young Irish lady, Miss Rosina Doyle Wheeler. After a few happy years of wedded life she proved such a shrew and Xanthippe that his domestic life became an intolerable burden and he was compelled to seek a legal separation. But even after the separation she continued to harass him by her fiendish attacks and to persecute him relentlessly till death removed him beyond the reach of her envenomed tongue.

When Bulwer first met the fascinating, but unfortunate Miss Wheeler, he immediately capitulated to her personal charms and beauty. Despite his mother's strong disapproval and opposition, he married the young Irish beauty in August, 1827, and set up his *lares* and *penates* at Woodcot House, in Oxfordshire, near Reading. Here for nearly two years the ill-matched couple lived on a modest scale in happy seclusion. Here too, she bore him a daughter, Emily, as their first hostage to fortune, and here he supported his small family by the meagre competence secured him by his father's will and supplemented by the receipts from his own facile pen. But the strain and anxiety of pecuniary em-

barrassment and the divergent temperaments of the ill-assorted pair soon began to undermine the happiness of their modest home. Nor did the hostile attitude of Bulwer's mother serve in any manner to heal the incipient breach. On the contrary, this was perhaps the rift in the lute.

Bulwer's marriage had brought about strained relations between him and his mother, and a reconciliation was not effected for many moons. During this interim the son received no aid and but scant sympathy from the mother. Meanwhile Bulwer's family had increased and their style of living was becoming more extravagant. The family expenses amounted to \$15,000 a year, and nearly the whole of this sum had to be earned by Bulwer's productive pen. He therefore had to do a great deal of literary drudgery those years to make his accounts balance.

"In the years from 1827 to 1837 Bulwer completed ten novels, two long poems, one political pamphlet, one play, the political sketches in *England and the English*, three volumes of the *History of Athens* (only two of which were ever published), and all the essays and tales collected in the *Student*." Besides all this, he was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* and contributed anonymously to the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Monthly Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, the *Literary Gazette*, and other periodicals. But this is merely the record of his literary activities. In addition, he was an active member of Parliament from 1831 onwards, and the duties incident to this office must have absorbed much of his time.

Surely, then, in the midst of such a crowded and feverish public life Bulwer must have had very little time left for the cultivation of his family ties. In view of the heavy drafts on his nervous energy which his multitude of labors entailed, it is not surprising, as his wife contended, that Bulwer should have become irritable and impatient as the years passed by. The little respite he had from perpetual drudgery he was accustomed to spend in the society of those who could furnish mental stimulus or recreation. "Thus he either dined out, or invited others to his own table whose tastes and interests were most congenial to his own." He felt that his wife was not interested in his pursuits and that she was unsympathetic towards his friends.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that Bulwer and his wife drifted apart and that harsh recriminations and bitter quarrels became of all too frequent occurrence in their once happy household. The husband realized from sad experience that married life was no grand, sweet song for him; and the wife had found out as an actual fact that marriage to a man absorbed in literature and politics was a melancholy failure and a bitter disappointment to her.

In 1833 Bulwer's health failed. Partly to recover it and partly to escape from the growing evils of their unhappy domestic life, he and his wife undertook a journey to Italy through France and Switzerland, leaving their children, Emily and Robert, at home in care of their common friend Miss Greene. But, as far as recovering health and happiness was concerned, the trip proved a disappointment. Bulwer's habits of work were too deep-seated for him to throw them off with entire abandon; and so during his sojourn in Italy he occupied his attention in gathering materials for two new novels, *Rienzi* and the *Last Days of Pompeii*. Consequently his wife received but little more of his attention abroad than she was accustomed to receive at home. The crisis came in Naples, where Mrs. Bulwer "obtained consolation for her wounded feelings in the attentions of a Neapolitan Prince who bestowed upon her the praise, flattery and affection which her husband had so long denied her." On discovering the facts Bulwer flew into a violent rage and speedily hurried with his wife back to England. "Their journey home was a long protracted nightmare, a period of violent emotions, of passions in revolt, of bitter recriminations."

To make a long story short, after numerous quarrels and reconciliations, Bulwer determined upon a legal separation. He could not obtain a divorce since, according to the law of England, there were complaints and charges by each party. In April, 1836, the deed of separation was executed and signed, Bulwer agreeing to pay his wife an annual allowance of \$2,000 as alimony. But far from ending their domestic unhappiness, as was hoped, the separation only inaugurated "a new period of 'uncharitable war' which lasted to the end of their lives, and far exceeded in bitterness all that had gone before." Up to the day of the legal sepa-

ration Bulwer's literary and political activities—his public life—had overshadowed his private life, thus undermining the peace and happiness of his home. After the separation, however, his domestic life—his relations with his wife—so invaded his public life as to dwarf his literary and political triumphs, converting them into veritable apples of Sodom. For Mrs. Bulwer's remorseless persecution of her husband assumed the character of an obsession with her and so dominated her mind with the idea of revenge that the poor woman became deranged and was committed to a sanitarium as a frenzied maniac. Even after her release she pursued Bulwer with coarse and scurrilous libels and with her vitriolic abuse. Death alone brought an end to her envenomed attacks. The tragic spectre haunted Bulwer to his grave, clouded all his brilliant successes, and embittered his declining years. "Every book that he wrote," says his grandson, "every play that he produced, every time that he appeared at a public meeting, every new honor which he received, provided her [his wife] with fresh occasions to remind him of the poison which could never be eradicated from his life."

It was a common practice of Bulwer to publish anonymously, and hence many of the productions of his genius appeared unsigned. Perhaps his reason was, in part at least, to escape the notice of his waspish wife. Perhaps another reason was that he desired thus to avoid inviting the poignant criticism of any who might have sympathized with his wife in their long-drawn-out and mortifying controversy.

Among Bulwer's earlier works of importance was the novel *Pelham*, begun in 1825 and finished in 1828, but kept for some time in his portfolio. With the publication of this book he leapt at once into fame. A few months after its appearance this novel was translated into French, Spanish, Italian, and German. *Pelham* was regarded as a text-book upon English society and was discussed in the salons throughout all Europe. It is worth noting that a curious result in society is attributed to the influence of this novel. "Till then the coats worn for evening dress," observes the Earl of Lytton, "had been of many colors—brown, green, or blue, according to the fancy of the wearer. These were eventually discarded for the black coat, and it is

said that the change was brought about by Lady Frances Pelham, who was made to say in a letter to her son:—

*Apropos* of the complexion; I did not like that blue coat you wore when I saw you last. You look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so.

The *Disowned*, *Devereux*, and *Paul Clifford* followed *Pelham* in quick succession. A contemporary critic reviewing these novels in *The Examiner* ventured his opinion that "Mr. Bulwer had written *Pelham* for his own pleasure, the *Disowned* for his book-seller and *Devereux* for the support of his fame with the public." The Earl of Lytton revising this verdict in the light of history notes that his grandfather had written *Devereux* for the support of his wife and child, for while *Pelham* had brought him \$2,500 and the *Disowned* had netted him \$4,000, he received from his publisher \$75,000 for the copyright of *Devereux*.

*Paul Clifford*, published in 1830, was a new departure for Bulwer. It represents the type of novel the Germans call *Tendenzstücke*, and we, the purpose novel, then something new in fiction. In the words of its author the ostensible purpose of the book is "to draw attention to two errors in the English penal institutions, viz.:—a vicious prison discipline and a sanguinary penal code." At the time of the publication of this book, horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, cattle-stealing, and even letter-stealing were offences punishable by death, according to the English code. The influence of *Paul Clifford* stimulated and helped to crystallize public sentiment in favor of criminal law reform. It was for this purpose that the book was written, and it was accepted as a vigorous protest against the conditions then existing in British prisons. The result was the Reform Bill of 1835, which was destined to correct the abuses in English penal institutions, then described in the report of a special committee of Parliament "as places where old offenders were confirmed in iniquity and young ones trained up to it."

As editor of *The New Monthly* and other journals Bulwer had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the foremost *littérateurs* of that period. Some of those acquaintances, such as Disraeli, John Forster, and Lady Blessington, came to be life-long



friends. During Bulwer's connection with *The New Monthly* he wrote and published the three novels, *Eugene Aram*, *Godolphin*, and *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, and his collection of sketches, *England and the English*. Of these, *Eugene Aram* elicited a storm of criticism for no other reason than that it dealt with crime, "which was considered a subject unfit for elevated fiction." Who would now think of criticising Shakespeare for the theme of *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, or the *Richards*? So far have the canons of literary taste changed since the early days of Bulwer, who was sharply criticised for following the precedent set by Shakespeare.

It is time now to consider another aspect of Bulwer's genius—his political interests. In 1831, when Bulwer entered Parliament, political conditions were in such a state that he felt constrained, aristocrat though he was, to identify himself with the radical and progressive party, the Whigs. The principles the Whigs stood for, such as the various reform measures, made a very strong appeal to Bulwer and enlisted his sympathy and interest. All over Great Britain there was general discontent with existing conditions; and reform unions and associations were springing up everywhere. The Liberal press, too, threw the weight of its mighty influence on the side of the people and helped to foment the growing discontent with the Wellington Government. Indeed, the trouble reached such an acute stage that mobs actually smashed the windows of the house of the Iron Duke, showing very much the same attitude to his reactionary and Bourbon Government as the militant suffragettes recently manifested toward the Asquith Government. Reform was the universal slogan of the people, and the wildest sorts of fancies were entertained as to the advantages that were confidently expected from the reform measures.

Lord John Russell introduced his famous Reform Bill in Parliament in 1831, but it was defeated. The result was that Parliament was dissolved and an appeal made to the people. In the general election which followed, the constituencies, rural as well as urban, declared overwhelmingly for the Reform Bill. In this tidal wave of reform which swept over the country Bulwer landed in the House of Commons as the representative of St.

Ives. Delighted at his election, he indited this brief note to his mother, under date of April 30, 1831:—

My dearest Mother—I write to you forthwith. I am returned to Parliament this day and hour. Post waits. This is my first frank. Yours most affectionately, E. L. B.

On taking his seat in the House of Commons Bulwer of course aligned himself on the side of the Reformers. Lord John Russell again introduced his Reform Bill when Parliament assembled, and on the second night of the debate Bulwer made his maiden speech in behalf of the bill. The bill passed the House of Commons by a large majority, but was defeated in the House of Lords. The overwhelming popular demand for the bill being recognized, at the earnest solicitation of Lord Grey, King William IV created such a number of Peers as to insure the passage of the bill, and the Reform Bill became law June 7, 1832. The constituency of St. Ives was one of those swept away by the Reform Bill, but Bulwer was not deprived of his seat, for on the invitation of Lincoln he had the honor to represent that constituency in the next Parliament. Bulwer then exerted his energies in Parliament to promoting the reform of the Factory Laws, the Poor Laws, the removal of Jewish disabilities, and the establishment of a dramatic copyright which enabled authors to retain property in their own works. This last measure ultimately led to international copyright. Bulwer also labored to have the stamp duty on newspapers removed—"a tax on knowledge," as it was denominated, which proved an oppressive burden to the daily press.

In his *England and the English* Bulwer thus gives expression to his sentiments on the functions of government; and it appears that these principles were his guiding star in his legislative activities:—

In a well-ordered constitution, a constitution in harmony with its subjects, each citizen confounds himself with the State; he is proud that he belongs to it; the genius of the whole people enters into his soul; he is not one man only, he is inspired by the mighty force of the community; he feels the dignity of the nation in himself, he beholds himself in the dignity of the nation. To unite, then, the people and

the Government, to prevent that jealousy and antagonism of power which we behold at present, each resisting each to their common weakness; to merge, in a word, both names in the name State, we must first advance the popular principle to satisfy the people, and then prevent a conceding government by creating a directive one.

At present, my friends, you only perceive the Government when it knocks at your doors for taxes; you couple with its name the idea not of protection, but of extortion; but I would wish that you should see the Government educating your children, encouraging your science, and ameliorating the condition of your poor. I wish you to warm while you utter its very name, with a grateful and reverent sense of enlightenment and protection. . . . I wish you to feel advancing towards that unceasing and incalculable amelioration which I firmly believe to be the common destiny of mankind, with a steady march and beneath a beloved banner. I wish that every act of beneficent Reform should seem to you neither conceded, nor extorted, but as a pledge of a sacred and mutual love; the legitimate offspring of one faithful and indissoluble union between the power of a people and the majesty of a State.

This is what I mean by a *directive* Government; and a Government so formed is always strong, not for evil, but for good. . . .

From my boyhood to this hour, it is to the condition of the great masses of men that my interest and my studies have been directed; it is for their amelioration and enlightenment that I have been a labourer and an enthusiast. Yes, I say enthusiast! for when a man is sincere, enthusiasm warms him; when useful, enthusiasm directs. . . .

As we have already observed, the strain of his combined activities in politics and literature undermined Bulwer's health, compelling him to undertake a journey to Italy to recuperate. On this journey, as previously stated, he collected the material for his two historic novels dealing with Roman life. The *genius loci*, while Bulwer visited the romantic ruins and roamed through the streets of that long-buried city of Pompeii, completely mastered him and fired his imagination. Shortly after his return to his native land Bulwer published his *Last Days of Pompeii* in the autumn of 1834. It is an interesting circumstance, as the Earl of Lytton reminds us, that though this book

was written at a time of great domestic trouble and consequent mental depression, there is not the slightest evidence of this fact in the novel itself; on the contrary, there is a marked gaiety of tone pervading the entire book.

In 1835 Bulwer published an able political pamphlet setting forth the condition of affairs from the operation of the Reform Bill and written in support of the Radicals or Whigs. Therefore, when the Melbourne Government was organized, in recognition of the service rendered the Whig party by this pamphlet, Bulwer was offered a minor post by Lord Melbourne in his Cabinet. The decision involved a crisis in Bulwer's career, because he realized that he was at the parting of the ways. Like Disraeli, Bulwer had begun to write as means of securing for himself an introduction into the world of politics. Yet when a special opportunity was offered him, as in this case, of realizing his ambition, he decided to decline the offer, preferring to continue his double career in letters and politics, rather than to abandon those literary pursuits in which his talents had hitherto found their chief employment. If he had accepted the post, he felt that he would have had to give up his literary activities probably for life—a price which he was not willing to pay for political preferment. Bulwer thus made a decisive choice for literature in declining the government post. His interest in politics, however, did not cease, and he even accepted a cabinet position some years later. Still his declination of the place in the Melbourne Government was then especially significant as showing the supreme bent of Bulwer's dual genius; for, as his biographer records, "it is on his achievements as a writer and not as a politician that his fame rests."

The next chapter of Bulwer's life deals with his rôle as a dramatist. After the publication of his historical novel *Rienzi*, which enjoyed the largest sale of all of his works during the author's lifetime, Bulwer decided to make his début as a dramatic author as the result of his association and friendship with the noted actor Macready. The first heir of Bulwer's dramatic invention was the unsuccessful play of *Cromwell*, produced in 1836. The next year he wrote *The Duchess de la Vallière*. This play enjoyed a promising first night, but somewhat later

encountered an untimely frost and had to be withdrawn. Undeterred by these two failures, Bulwer set resolutely to work again and produced *The Adventurer*, the title of which he changed to *The Lady of Lyons* out of deference to a suggestion from his friend Macready. This play proved a conspicuous success and is even yet occasionally presented upon the stage, though its sentiment is regarded as rather antiquated now. Apropos of the author's interest in the performance of this play the following anecdote is told by the Earl of Lytton:—

The night when *The Lady of Lyons* was first produced, Bulwer was detained in the House of Commons, where he had made a speech in support of Mr. Grote's Bill for the Establishment of the Ballot at elections. At the conclusion of his speech he left the House and hurried to Covent Garden to learn the result of the performance. On the way he met Sergeant Talfourd, a fellow member and fellow author, whose play *Ion* had been produced in 1836. Talfourd was himself returning from Covent Garden, and was eagerly questioned about the new play by Bulwer, whom he little suspected of being its author. "Oh, it went very well indeed—for that sort of thing," was the reply. Bulwer arrived at the theatre just in time to see the last act, at the conclusion of which the curtain fell amidst the enthusiastic applause of the audience. To the loud cries of "Author" no reply was forthcoming. Everyone began discussing the play and its unknown author. "What do you think of it?" said Lady Blessington to Bulwer. "Oh, very good—for that sort of thing," he replied. Lady Blessington was shocked and said, "That is the first time I have seen you jealous."

Bulwer's method of composition was surprisingly rapid. He spent only two weeks in writing *The Lady of Lyons*. He spent about the same time upon his next dramatic venture, *Richelieu*. But the first draft of each play was carefully revised, and in the revision received valuable help from Macready, for whom both plays were written. In regard to *Richelieu* Macready writes:—

Called on Bulwer and talked over the play of *Richelieu*. He combated my objections and acceded to them as his judgment swayed him; but when I developed the object of the whole plan of alterations he was in ecstasies. I never



saw him so excited, several times exclaiming that he was "enchanted" with the plan, and observed in high spirits "What a fellow you are!" I left him the play and he promised to let me have it in a week! He is a wonderful man.

After *Richelieu* came *The Sea-Captain*, which called forth Thackeray's bitter attack in the *Yellowplush Papers*. The adverse criticism of this play by Thackeray and others caused Bulwer to recast it, and he subsequently published it under the title of *The Rightful Heir*.

In the three plays, *The Duchess de la Vallière*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *Richelieu*, Bulwer attempted to reproduce and illustrate perhaps the three most interesting and remarkable periods in French history. These plays may be regarded as constituting a dramatic series. After this Bulwer made a new departure and produced in 1840 a comedy, *Money*, and with the production of this play his "career as a successful dramatist came to an end." Writing to Bulwer concerning this last-named play, Dickens says:—

Let me thank you for the copy of your comedy received this morning. I told Macready when he read it to me a few weeks since that I could not call to mind any play since *The Good-Natured Man*, so full of real, distinct, genuine character; and now that I am better acquainted with it, I am only the more strongly confirmed in this honest opinion.

During the eleven years (1841-1852) that Bulwer was out of Parliament he was engaged almost entirely in his literary pursuits, except when he was endeavoring to recover his health, which at intervals was quite precarious. In 1842 he produced his most romantic and imaginative work—*Zanoni*—and six years later his poem *King Arthur*. These two productions he considered his masterpieces in prose and verse respectively. During the interim between the appearance of *Zanoni* and *King Arthur* Bulwer published the two historical romances, *The Last of the Barons* and *Harold*. In 1849 he began to work a new vein, and the result was *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*, regarded by many critics as the best of all his works. Bulwer was a good German

scholar and an ardent admirer of Schiller, whom he ranked even above Goethe. His interest in Schiller induced him to undertake a translation of Schiller's *Poems and Ballads*, completed in 1844. About a year afterward Bulwer wrote a long poem entitled *The New Timon*, which he published anonymously in four parts. It was in this poem that he made some satiric reference to Tennyson, dubbing him "school-miss Alfred," as follows:—

No tawdry grace shall womanize my pen!  
 Even in love-song man should write for men!  
 Not mine, not mine (O Muse forbid) the boon  
 Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,  
 The jingling medley of purloin'd conceits,  
 Outbabying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats,  
 Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime  
 To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!

This attack called forth a satiric rejoinder from Tennyson, *The New Timon and the Poets*, which appeared in *Punch* (February 28, 1846), but which the author would never allow to be reprinted among his works. Tennyson himself said of these lines, "They were too bitter. I do not think I should ever have published them."

In 1848 Bulwer had a dark shadow come over his tragic life in the death of his only daughter Emily. After the separation between the father and mother in 1836, Emily and her brother Robert had hardly known the meaning of the word home. It is true that Miss Greene, to whom the children were entrusted, did what she could for them, but their lives must have been very lonely and unhappy under the circumstances. Emily was sent to school in Germany and afterwards in England, and she and her brother spent only their holidays with their father at Knebworth. To add to the burden of Bulwer's grief over the untimely death of his daughter, Mrs. Bulwer chose this sad occasion to vent her spleen anew upon her husband, thus reviving the miserable controversy that had embittered the lives of the unfortunate children as well as of the parents. In order to distract his mind from his private sorrow, Bulwer, like Cicero under similar circumstances, addressed himself to his literary labors with absorbing interest, working arduously at those most mature productions of his genius, *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*. Curiously

enough, these novels furnish no evidence of the gloom and sorrow that must have hung like a pall over their author's heart at the time they were written.

In 1852 Bulwer was returned to Parliament, after an absence of eleven years. Meanwhile he had changed his politics. He had left Parliament a Whig in 1841; he returned a Tory in 1852. There were probably several reasons why Bulwer broke with the Whigs with whom he had affiliated before. During the interim he was out of Parliament he had inherited his mother's property upon her death, thus becoming the owner of the landed estate Knebworth. But what was a far more compelling motive in his political conversion, Bulwer could not endure the narrow doctrinaire principles of the Cobdenites. "The whole of their political creed was, in fact, summed up in the immortal Sam Weller's definition of free competition as 'Each for himself and God for us all,' as the donkey said when he danced among the chickens." Now these doctrines, which were anathema to Bulwer-Lytton, had come to be accepted with sanctity by the entire Liberal party—which fact "convinced him that he could no longer keep company with such a party," and therefore he broke with it. "After all," he once declared in a letter to his friend Disraeli, "I am a Protectionist." It was Disraeli's political opinions that afforded Bulwer-Lytton the bridge he needed to cross over from the Liberal to the Conservative party. For being opposed to the repeal of the Corn Laws and to the Whig doctrine of Free-Trade in general, and sympathizing with Disraeli and the Protectionists in their attacks upon Peel, Bulwer felt forced by the logic of the situation that confronted him to support the Tory democracy created by Disraeli as a convenient national policy. Bulwer-Lytton therefore returned to Parliament as a Conservative and represented the constituency of Hertfordshire in that capacity from 1852 to 1866. During this long term in the House of Commons he took an active part in the debates on the various political questions of the day, such as the Crimean War, the Chinese War, and other important issues, and greatly increased his parliamentary reputation.

In 1858 Bulwer-Lytton was offered the portfolio of Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Derby's Government and accepted.

He held this office in the Cabinet only one year, but even in so brief a while he impressed the stamp of his executive ability upon the two important provinces of Canada and Australia. The most distinguishing act of his administration, and perhaps the act of greatest permanency, was the incorporation of British Colombia as a new colony on the North American continent. But the duties of this cabinet post were not congenial to the professional man of letters, and he was glad to surrender the office with its exacting burdens and responsibilities after his one-year tenure. He appears to have regarded it merely as an incident in his literary career. Probably the renewed attacks of his wife, Lady Lytton, were also a factor in his determination to resign the office. She did all in her power to embarrass and mortify him in his public life. She even addressed letters to her husband, "the envelopes of which were covered with scurrilous and obscene inscriptions, and she sometimes dispatched as many as twenty of these in one day, all duplicates and addressed to the House of Commons, to his clubs, to town and country addresses, to hotels—anywhere, in fact, where they were likely to be seen by others." She went so far in the outburst of her passionate resentment as to post such scandalous documents to all his prominent friends—Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Francis Doyle, Dickens, Forster, Disraeli and others. In this domestic crisis Robert Lytton offered his services as mediator between father and mother, but no reconciliation could be effected; and so Bulwer-Lytton had to reap his harvest of bitterness.

" Lord Derby's Government was defeated on the question of Parliamentary Reform and a great change took place in the political life of England. The day following the defeat of the Government, when the Cabinet had decided to dissolve Parliament, Bulwer-Lytton wrote the following note to his acting private secretary, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff:—

Downing Street, April 1, 1859. Remember my words. From this day dates a change that in a few years will alter the whole face of England. From this day the extreme Liberals are united; the great towns will be banded for Democracy, and Democracy in England is as sure as that

we are in this room. Nothing like this day since Charles I did much the same as we are doing.

This truly spelt the termination of aristocratic government, as Bulwer-Lytton foresaw from the result of the general election of 1859. Since he himself belonged essentially to an aristocratic age, he knew well enough that the rise of democracy with its subsequent triumphant advance marked the end of his political career. The signs of the times pointed with unquestionable accuracy to Gladstone as the coming man who was to be the peerless leader of democracy. Bulwer, however, did not retire from public life. He still retained his seat in Parliament and even delivered some of his most telling speeches on the subject of parliamentary reform. But he was not in full accord with the underlying principles of democratic government. Therefore it was only a few years till he was elevated to the peerage through Lord Derby's influence, and in 1866 took his seat in the House of Lords. Says his biographer in this connection:—

At the time when he accepted the peerage, Bulwer-Lytton hoped that with a seat in Parliament secured to him without the expense and trouble of a contested election, he would be able to render valuable service to his party by occasional speeches in the House of Lords; and with the object of rendering himself more competent for such a task, he consulted a celebrated aurist in Paris about his deafness. This man seems to have helped him considerably. . . . Whether it was that this improvement in his hearing was only temporary, and that his deafness proved an insuperable difficulty, or whether he failed to overcome the nervousness occasioned by the chilling atmosphere of the House of Lords, Lord Lytton never spoke in that assembly. He prepared speeches on several occasions during the last years of his life, but none of them was ever delivered, and his active political career was closed in 1866.

If Bulwer-Lytton's active political career was closed when he became Lord Lytton, certainly his literary activity did not cease. Throughout his entire life he was a constant reader. His historical novels imposed upon him a vast amount of research and investigation. He always occupied his leisure hours (if he may be said to have had any) in some course of serious



reading. This was his method of keeping his mind supplied with fresh ideas, or, as he put it, of "taking in coals." "With the great classical writers in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, and English he had an intimate acquaintance and for most of them an unstinted admiration." But he was not content simply to spend his time in reading during his declining years after he was elevated to the peerage. He was still productive and his pen was never idle.

Already before his retirement from Parliament Bulwer-Lytton had written *A Strange Story* for Dickens's magazine *All the Year Round*, which, however, did not meet with a flattering reception. In 1866 he published a volume of poetry—*The Lost Tales of Miletus*—and about the same time began his novel *Pausanias, the Spartan*. He also undertook a rhymed comedy on the subject of *Walpole*, but this did not come up to the level of his former achievements in the dramatic line. Still he persevered at it and finished it at Torquay, whither he had gone for his ill-health in the winter of 1868-69. In this same year he published his excellent metrical translation of Horace. He then projected "a fantastic story of an imaginary race living in the interior of the earth with a very highly developed civilization." This story was published under the title of *The Coming Race*, in 1871. *Pausanias* seems to have hung fire in composition and was not published till after its author's death. The same is true of two other works—*The Parisians* and *Kenelm Chillingly*. But the first of these was far enough advanced in composition to be printed as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the last was left in manuscript at its author's death. This was the last sheaf from a bountiful harvest.

In his latter years Lord Lytton was accustomed to spend his winters at Torquay for the sake of his health. So it was here that he died January 18, 1873, shortly after a visit from his son Robert. In recognition of the prominent place Lord Lytton had occupied in the public life of his generation, he was accorded the honor of a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, and it is in that famous British Walhalla that he now sleeps "after life's fitful fever."

Despite the fact that Bulwer-Lytton occupied so prominent a place in English politics and letters and had an intimate acquaintance with the leading men of his generation in these two departments, he yet led a very lonely life. His most intimate literary friend was John Forster and his best political friend was Disraeli. Though he lived on his fine estate Knebworth, he had no home life on account of his unhappy marriage. But few men have ever lived a more laborious or strenuous life in point of mental activity. Moreover, in the allotted span of three score years and ten, few men have achieved more in the realm of literature and politics than Bulwer-Lytton. His life was spent in an atmosphere of conflict and struggle. He was assailed in his public as well as in his private life by hostile criticism. He had to sustain the attacks of literary as well as of political critics. He also had to combat constant ill-health. Yet, in spite of all opposition, he worked on "with courage and persistency to the goal of his ambition."

Though Bulwer-Lytton is a distinguished name in two separate and distinct fields, yet it is as a man of letters rather than as a statesman that he made his greatest and most enduring contribution to English civilization, and it is thus that his name will survive. He possessed a prolific genius and a facile pen. As might be expected in one of his mental equipment, his productions exhibit some rather glaring faults of style which the critics were quick to point out and mark for attack. For this reason he has perhaps never been in favor with the critical few who are looking only for flaws. But he has never lost his popularity with the general reading public. His novels are known in almost every land and have enjoyed the distinction of being translated into various tongues. His plays stood the test of the stage in their author's lifetime and some of them are even to-day presented upon the boards with flattering success. Such is Bulwer-Lytton's record of achievement in English literature.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WOODROW WILSON. 1913-1917. By Edgar E. Robinson and Victor J. West. New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 411. \$1.75.

In Part I (pp. 1-157), beginning with the first administration of President Wilson, this book discusses first the foundations of his policy in the period immediately preceding the opening of the Great War and then devotes a chapter to each of the following topics: Principles in Practice, Maintenance of Neutrality, Freedom of the Seas, Preparation for Defence, Formulation of the Issue, War to Insure Peace, Leadership of Woodrow Wilson. "The paramount problems, the fundamental principles, the great decisions—these only have been given extended treatment." Part II (pp. 161-175) furnishes a chronological list of "More Important Events in American Foreign Relations" from March 11, 1913, to August 27, 1917. Part III (pp. 179-411) presents in convenient form the more important addresses and public documents of President Wilson and his Secretaries of State in announcing and carrying forward his policy. In Part I frequent reference is made to these documents in illustration or in support of statements.

Step by step, through reference to each of the President's public utterances, Mr. Wilson's policy towards Mexico, Central America, South America, and the belligerent nations of Europe is traced, and is shown to be, with few and justified exceptions, thoroughly consistent. As analyzed by the authors, his foreign policy has always been based on a supreme faith in democracy, justice and fair dealing between nations, on a belief in the equality of nations and an unwillingness to interfere with the political life of another people (as seen in his treatment of Mexico), on the conviction that arbitration is the most desirable means of composing international disagreements and that war should not be resorted to until all other means of resolving differences between nations have been exhausted. And "the results of the Wilson policy themselves justify the policy. It was a result of that policy that the American people finally saw the imperative

necessity for their participation in the Great War. It was a result of that policy that the war, a European quarrel originating obscurely in petty dynastic ambition, in greedy economic rivalry, and in base national hatred, was transformed by the entrance of the United States into a world conflict with the united forces of democracy and international peace ranged squarely against autocracy and continued world struggle. It was a result of that policy that the United States,—not England, not France, not even new Russia,—became the leader, the bearer of the 'great light for the guidance of the nations,' in the magnificent new venture of democracy to league the peoples of the world together to serve the ends of peace and justice."

The treatment is scholarly, clear, interesting, impartial. Great events affecting the future history of the world have followed one another with such bewildering rapidity that it has been difficult indeed for even the thoughtful, conscientious observer to judge adequately the various acts of the Wilson administration and to see them all as ordered parts of a consistent whole. The authors of this book have performed a real service in presenting so clear and compact an analysis of the causes leading the President to carry us into the war. As a trustworthy guide to contemporary history and politics the book ought to secure an immediate place in the colleges, high schools, and public libraries throughout the country. Certainly no one, except those too bitterly partisan or too intellectually small, can read this book without a keener appreciation of Mr. Wilson's moral character and broad statesmanship.

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THE DANISH WEST INDIES UNDER COMPANY RULE (1671-1754). By Waldemar Westergaard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917. Pp. xxiv-359. \$2.50.

This volume appeals to two interests. One is purely scholarly, in that it outlines with a wealth of detail a phase of European colonial policy in the West Indies. Its other interest is that of patriotic inquisitiveness; for the Danish West Indies have recently come into the possession of the United States.

Dr. Westergaard treats at length the various problems of Danish colonization, international politics, colonial government,

economic development, and intercolonial relations. Faithful to the spirit of the careful investigator he refrains from comparisons and generalizations. However, some unprinted conclusions must unconsciously rise to the mind of every careful reader. One of these is that Denmark was never a colonizing power, for a majority of the settlers were not Danish but Dutch. As in the early English experiments, the method of colonization was a chartered company, the Danish West India Company, after 1697 the Danish West India and Guinea Company. The corporation engaged in both commercial and planting operations. Its policy was rigidly monopolistic, placing discriminatory taxes and duties on the private planter. Economic prosperity was incidental, the only period of marked profit being that of the War of the Spanish Succession, when Danish neutrality enabled the planters to amass wealth by trade with the privateers of the belligerent nations. On the other hand, there were certain similarities to English experience, notably the difficulty in securing governors of ability and integrity and the demand of the planters for participation in the government. The ultimate result was that the Crown assumed direct control of the islands in 1754.

Economic development was also conditioned by the labor problem. Efforts at utilizing white labor failed, and resort was had to negro slavery. Dr. Westergaard devotes two chapters to the slave trade and the relation of master and slave. The principal industry, the production of sugar and its problems, is also well described. An interesting incident of economic policy was the experiment of the Great Elector of Prussia, who leased a plantation in St. Thomas and also engaged in the slave trade.

The distinctive characteristic of the book is the wide use of manuscript material. The archives of the Danish West India Company have been freely exploited, also manuscripts in the Danish State Archives, the Royal Library and municipal archives at Copenhagen, as well as those of the Bancroft Collection of the University of California. An extensive appendix includes lists of governors and stockholders, charters, reporters, and inventories of slaves and agricultural products. The volume is the first of three on the history of the islands from 1671 to the present time; however, a supplementary chapter is added on the



period from 1754 to 1917. Professor Morse Stephens contributes an introduction, the volume being also a doctoral dissertation accepted by the University of California. On the whole, Dr. Westergaard's work is a distinct contribution to the meagre historical literature of the West Indies. WM. K. BOYD.

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SHAKESPEREAN PLAYHOUSES. A History of English Theatres from the Beginning to the Restoration. By Josiah Quincy Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50 postpaid.

Although valuable studies of the methods of dramatic representation in the time of Shakespeare have been published and though much light has been thrown on the conditions of the Elizabethan stage, this book is the first attempt at a connected history of the playhouses themselves since Ordish's *Early London Theatres in the Fields*, 1894. Excellent as his book is, Ordish covered only a part of the field and discussed only six playhouses. The present volume, after preliminary chapters on "The Inn-yards" and "The Hostility of the City," takes up The Theatre, The Curtain, The First Blackfriars, St. Paul's, The Bankside and the Beorgarden, Newington Butts, The Rose, The Swan, The Second Blackfriars, The Globe, The Fortune, The Red Bull, Whitefriars, The Hope, Rosseter's Blackfriars (or Porter's Hall), The Phoenix or Cockpit or Drury Lane, Salisbury Court, The Cockpit-in-Court (or Theatre Royal at Whitehall), devoting a chapter to each one. The final chapter deals with Miscellaneous Playhouses. As one reads the accounts of these various theatres one cannot withhold his admiration for the faith, courage, persistence, and energy of such men as the Burbages, Henslowe, Alleyn, Phillips, and Shakespeare himself, who in the face of discouragement and violent opposition, constructed their playhouses, perfected their organizations, and made possible the presentation of the plays of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and other great playwrights of the day. Driven from place to place by the hostility of the city authorities and of the neighboring property holders, with their buildings frequently destroyed by fire, the various theatrical companies had a hard struggle for existence. Particularly interesting is the history of the Globe Theatre, with its carefully planned organization of an interlocking directorate

of "housekeepers" and actors. "The superiority of the Globe Company over all the others was acknowledged in the days of James and Charles, and to-day stands out as one of the most impressive facts in the history of the early drama."

"The book is throughout the result of a firsthand examination of original sources," says Professor Adams, "and represents an independent interpretation of historical evidence." It is profusely illustrated with plans and cuts from old maps and old manuscripts which make clear in every case the exact situation of the particular playhouse under discussion. Involving as it does such a mass of detail, the book is remarkably clear in its arrangement and method of presentation and refreshingly free from dogmatism, pedantry, and the wearisome accumulation of statistics.

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THE NATIONAL BUDGET SYSTEM. By Charles Wallace Collins. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This work is an attempt to show what the budget system is, and, in order to do so, the author sets forth in review the theory and practice of the budget systems in the leading states of the world. Next in order he discusses the proposed application of the system to the United States Government and the adjustments, short of a constitutional amendment, necessary to its adoption in our country. The book is written for the general reader. The descriptions of the plan and workings of the budget systems in foreign states are excellently done, as are also the detailed accounts of the preparation and ratification of financial measures in the United States. In the United States Government the spending of the money voted by Congress and the auditing of the accounts are completely in the hands of the Executive, and in these respects our system is unique. The author proposes that the President of the United States shall prepare and present to Congress an itemized programme of necessary expenditures for the following year, and that this programme shall be ratified by Congress without the privilege of amendment so as to increase the amount proposed. His proposal does not seek to change the principle of presidential responsibility and control, but suggests that some independent means of audit should be provided. A

large part of this proposed scheme could be accomplished, the author thinks, by drying up the Committee on Ways and Means, so that it would be functionless, and by allowing the powers of approval or disapproval of the Presidential Budget to devolve on the House Committee of the Whole. To the reviewer it seems difficult to escape the conclusion that the proposed budgetary system would have little to commend it, except that it would make easy the work of both the President and Congress. Under such a plan Congress could hardly do anything except give its approval of anything the President might propose to it. The only alternative would be revolution by force. H. H. S. AIMES.

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OFFICIAL LETTER BOOKS OF W. C. C. CLAIBORNE, 1801-1816. Edited by Dunbar Rowland. Six volumes. Printed for the State Department of Archives and History, Jackson, Mississippi. 1917.

These six volumes, averaging some four hundred pages each, contain the letters, messages, proclamations, and other state papers of W. C. C. Claiborne, who was commissioned governor of the Mississippi Territory in 1801 by President Jefferson, and two years later made governor-general and intendant of the Province of Louisiana. Besides Governor Claiborne's correspondence and papers, the collection includes a great many valuable letters, reports, and other papers from his correspondence, pertaining not only to the administration of the great territory along the lower Mississippi, but to the economic and social life of its inhabitants as well. Dr. Rowland, the well-known historian of the lower Mississippi Valley, and director of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi, has edited these volumes, added many footnotes by way of explanation, and attached a good index to the last volume. The only complaint we have to make is that Dr. Rowland has not written an introduction to these volumes, pointing out what was most valuable and most significant in this mass of material. No one is better qualified to do this than himself. As to the importance of the subject, all students will agree with Dr. Rowland when he says that the purchase of Louisiana is one of the great turning-points in American history. It was an event which

"takes rank with the settlement of Jamestown and Plymouth, the Declaration of Independence, and the adoption of the Constitution."

S. L. WARE.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, DRAWN FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES (etc., etc.). New Edition, with New Matter, by Ida M. Tarbell. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917. Pp. xxxii, 426+475.

This new edition is simply a reprint of Miss Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln* which appeared some seventeen years ago; but it is a reprint plus an admirable new preface. In this introductory chapter—for such it is—Miss Tarbell tells us that the stream of new material on Lincoln, which has been flowing to the public since the first publication of her book, "leaves us the Lincoln we had at the beginning." "We know him better," she says, and she admits that "the indictments brought against Lincoln for inefficient administration, for interfering with the army, for going beyond strict executive powers, have backing." But, she adds, "it is curious, how little these things affect our judgment of him. They leave him where he has long been in the popular mind." Miss Tarbell's new "preface" has little to do with authorities, but is a masterly character-sketch of Lincoln in the light of recent documents.

S. L. WARE.

EAST BY WEST. ESSAYS IN TRANSPORTATION. By A. J. Morrison. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. 1917. Pp. 177. \$1.25.

Here are a series of breezy little essays written about that part of mankind engaged through the ages in manufacturing and transportation, and trading and trafficking. The author begins with the merchants of the Babylonian East and winds up with the building of the Bagdad Railway by the Germans. Mr. Morrison is hardly the scholar in his chosen field, still less is he the specialist. But he is the cultured man of wide reading who has skimmed an interesting bit of information for us here, another bit there, and who knows how to dish it all up for the general reader in an attractive and often suggestive and striking manner.

S. L. WARE.

LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton and Mary Thompson Hamilton. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

"This book is written with the hope that through it the life and character of Lee may become more real to the generations of young Americans now growing up. His was a life worthy of study to all young people, particularly those who are Americans." With no attempt to exalt Lee unduly, either as a man or as a general, with no tendency to belittle his opponents, the story of his life and achievements is told accurately, sympathetically, impartially. In this present critical period of American history, such a study as this,—simple, straightforward, sincere in its characterization of one of the greatest of American patriots,—is timely and helpful. Both in school and college it should do much toward developing and strengthening among our young people a fine spirit of patriotism free from sectionalism or jingoism and based not on power but on righteousness, justice, humanity.

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EVERY-DAY WORDS AND THEIR USES. A Guide to Good Diction. By Robert Palfrey Utter. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.25 net.

This book is divided into three parts, the first part (15 pages) being devoted to a statement of Guiding Principles in the Use of Words; the second (225 pages) containing an alphabetical list of words and expressions to which one may refer as to a dictionary; and the third (27 pages) furnishing a Glossary of Grammatical and Other Terms Used. The author "explains the meaning and use of a thousand or more every-day words and expressions which are frequently misused or misunderstood." He seeks to "give exactly the information most wanted, and to present it in compact, accessible form, without pedantry, formality, or technicality." In preparing the book he has been "guided by the belief that the ways of our speech are formed by the users of it; that grammarians and dictionary-makers are not kings in the realm, but merely recording secretaries." In spite of such an explicit and fearless declaration of independence, the author at times exhibits a dogmatism which shows either that his field of observation has not been wide enough or that he is



still bound by traditional rules of grammar; as when (in spite of the Oxford Dictionary) he condemns unreservedly the construction "everybody" with a following plural pronominal adjective, and declares that "*dove* is fast becoming obsolete as the past tense of the verb to *dive*," as if *dove* were the original form of which *dived* is now being substituted, instead of the reverse. Sometimes his point of view is not quite plain, as when he says "*anybody's else*" is correct, but modern usage prefers "*anybody else's*" Why? the reader naturally asks. Again, "*both loud and loudly* are used as adverbs; as 'The rites of war speak loudly for him,' and 'where the battle rages loud and long.'" What is the principle to guide the inexperienced reader here?

On the whole, however, the book is fair in spirit and accurate in statement and as a reference book in school or college should do much to counteract careless errors in speaking and writing.

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VOYAGES ON THE YUKON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES. A Narrative of Summer Travel in the Interior of Alaska. By Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of Alaska. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.50 net.

The author tells us in his Preface that his book is "a sober attempt to describe the country and its people, without any ulterior ends whatever," and that, though quite complete in itself, it is intended as a supplement and complement to *Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog-Sled*. The sobriety of purpose is evident throughout the book, but the spirit in which it is written reveals the many-sided personality of the consecrated Apostle to the Eskimos: his jealous love for the people among whom he has labored faithfully for so many years, his vision of the future of this great undeveloped country of Alaska, and his righteous indignation at the slightest thought of any unjust exploitation of its resources and its people. As he carries us with him on his journey of twenty-two hundred miles from the headwaters of the Yukon to its mouth and then takes us off into extensive side-trips on its tributaries, pouring forth a poetical rhapsody on a thunderstorm, sketching the history of every settlement, giving spicy anecdotes of early settlers, discussing the etymology of place-names, calling attention to geological formations, with

occasional digressions on spelling reform, the social life of New York City, or the novels of Jack London, exhibiting brilliant powers of narration and description, accurate observation, unexpected flashes of humor or of ironical comment, and broad human interest, he proves himself one of the most delightful guides one could possibly find. In spite of the declaration in his Preface, the reader cannot help feeling that the Archdeacon after all has unconsciously suggested certain ends which, as a noble, highminded missionary and a patriotic American, he desires to serve: namely, the awakening of the people of the United States to the splendid possibilities that lie as yet concealed in these arctic wildernesses, to a deeper, more vital interest in the Eskimos of these regions, and to the imperative need of establishing a stable government to insure justice and liberty and the best possible sanitary conditions. It is mortifying to consider that not until 1898, when gold was discovered in the Klondike, did the U. S. Government take any active interest in Alaska, and then introduced the reindeer not for the sake of the Eskimos, but for the white people who had gone there to seek gold. The work being done by Archdeacon Stuck and his devoted followers goes far beyond the limits of any one church. It is heroic, statesman-like, practical, constructive, and it is laying the foundations of a civilization that will not debauch but uplift the natives of these frozen regions and make them worthy citizens of our great Republic. Written by a man with a poetic appreciation of natural beauty, with an historic imagination, with a fine enthusiasm for the land and its people, with a gift of language, this book takes rank among the very best books of travel in any country.

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

FAIRY TALES FROM BRAZIL. How and Why Tales from Brazilian Folk-Lore. By Elsie Spicer Eells. With illustrations by Helen M. Barton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25 net.

It seems that even with present-day children no other collection of stories can exactly take the place of Grimm's Tales. Broadly comic, without being coarse or salacious (as the French fables not infrequently are), grotesque, yet often delicate, fanciful, and

beautiful, characterized by a keen sense of retributive justice which metes out in the end swiftly and sternly reward and punishment, these stories reflect the child spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race. They transport us into another world dominated by fairies and elves and witches and giants, and though goodness and innocence are often forced to suffer, all is righted at the close. To a sophisticated age like our own such justice may seem too mechanical, too unreal, even harmful in its ethical implications, and yet it is thoroughly satisfying to the child's mind. Indeed, primitive justice is content with no half measures, so that one often finds in these German folk-tales a barbaric spirit that has been softened or modified by later editors. Modern squeamishness, for example, does not permit our children to read how Little Red Ridinghood was eaten by the wolf, but rescues her through accident or through the lucky arrival of the wood-cutter. And the wicked sisters in Ashputtel, or Cinderella, escape the punishment which they so richly deserved and which in the original story was visited on them by the doves that flew down and pecked out their eyes. Mr. Rhead, who in his illustrations has interpreted these stories with such knowledge and artistic skill, tells us in his Preface that he has retained the original titles of the stories: among these, Red Ridinghood, instead of Little Redcap; Ashputtel, instead of Cinderella. It is a pity that he did not in the foregoing stories keep the original versions. In the Tale of the Twelve Brothers the wicked old mother-in-law meets her death in a vat of boiling oil in which there were poisonous snakes. This horrid fate Mr. Rhead has retained. With all our modern humanitarianism,—which in some instances spares even the wolf in Red Ridinghood and tames him for a pet,—the mother-in-law has not yet come in for charitable treatment. Nevertheless, Mr. Rhead has made Grimm over again and his edition, one may venture to predict, will delight both children and grownups for many a generation.

Collected by the wife of the Superintendent of Schools in Bahia, the Brazilian Tales are of interest and value to the student of comparative folk-lore. "Why the Bananas Belong to the Monkey" is a version of the world-wide tar-baby story, with a wax image instead of the black, sticky figure that frightened and

angered Brer Rabbit, and the monkey's escape is more poetic, through an appeal to the sun, who melts the wax. "How Monkey Got a Drink" is the same tale as that of "Brother Rabbit's Astonishing Prank" in *Nights with Uncle Remus*. "How the Hen Got Her Speckles" offers an interesting analogue to Uncle Remus's tale of "Teenchy-Tiny Duck" and to the French story of "Drakesbill and his Friends." And Uncle Remus's story of how Brer Rabbit secured Brer Fox for his riding horse is paralleled in fantastic form by the tale of how the toad mounts on the lamb, guides it with a piece of grass for a bridle, and urges it on with a stick; so that from that day to this the lamb has been a wonderfully meek creature. As a general rule these animal tales, which seem to have circled the globe, differ from the fairy tales of Grimm in being based on some trick or practical joke. But this collection of South American tales contains other more distinctively Brazilian stories, all told with simplicity and spirit. The illustrations are attractive, the typography is excellent, and the book deserves a place in the home and in the school and public libraries.

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THE BOOK OF FREE MEN. By Julius F. Seebach. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

This is virtually a history of the use and influence of the Bible in Christian lands. Though the author does not enter into a discussion of critical biblical problems, he is evidently in touch with the results of modern scholarship. His aim, however, is rather to present the book from the point of view of its present religious interest and claims. He also stresses it as "a charter of liberty," "a book of freedom," and "the foundation of the best in democratic government." It is written from the Protestant point of view and controverts the Roman Catholic limitations placed upon the Bible's authority and use. Especially interesting are the chapters on "The Book Forbidden," "The Book in Protestant America," "Catholic and Protestant Views of the Book," and "The Book of Liberty." The author's style is clear and entertaining. He abounds in quotations. A brief bibliography is appended.

J. B. T.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS. By Irwin Russell. With an Introduction by Joel Chandler Harris and a Historical Sketch by Maurice Garland Fulton. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50 net.

"I do not know where could be found to-day a happier or more perfect representation of negro character," says Joel Chandler Harris in the introduction to this book. Extravagant as this praise is, the critical reader feels that within the limits covered by the few poems in this collection it is true. The sale of Pot-liquor, for example, the 'coon dog that can "smell a 'coon fur half-a-mile," Uncle Nick's exposition of "de l'arnin' what a fisherman sh'u'd know," Nebuchadnezzar, the mule that "was sp'iled in raisin'," besides the well-known "Christmas Night in the Quarters,"—all these sketches have not been surpassed by later writers in Negro dialect. From the sketch of Russell's life given by Professor Fulton, it appears, too, that Russell was well aware of what he was doing, that he appreciated fully the richness of the vein he had opened, and that he had looked forward to producing some larger work of more permanent value, a novel or a play, dealing with Negro character and Negro life. "Negro lovers, Negro preachers, Negro 'literary and malevolent' 'sieties,' Negro saints and Negro sinners,—think of what mines of humor and pathos, plot and character, sense and nonsense, are here awaiting development," he wrote in 1877, only two years before his death. He died in his twenty-seventh year just at the time when he was beginning to make writing a serious occupation. "Had he been spared to letters," wrote Joel Chandler Harris, "all the rest of us would have taken back seats so far as representation of life in the South is concerned." Thus this is more than a mere Christmas gift-book. It is a handsome edition of dialect verse that ought to be preserved as a worthy memorial of one of the "South's sad singers."

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THE CONTEMPORARY SHORT STORY. By Harry T. Baker. New York: D. C. Heath and Company.

As the title-page suggests, this is a practical manual for those who wish to write short stories. In his opening chapter the author defines the type of originality needed for success as "a



new 'twist' given to material which, in all other respects, may be essentially old." He then proceeds to note the common faults of the weakly constructed modern short story, such as its unconvincing character, lack of inventiveness, dullness, lack of thorough acquaintance with material, sensationalism, questionable material, weakness in dialogue, unsound character portrayal, and lack of artistic structure. The claims of character over plot are duly emphasized, and the absolute necessity of style, "fame's great antiseptic," is properly enforced. A very useful feature of the book is the discussion of the distinctive characteristics of the leading contemporary magazines and the varying points of view of their editorial staffs. The author has also added to the practical service of his work by attaching to each chapter suggestive exercises for the study of the contemporary short story. As a whole, the book admirably fulfills its purpose,—“to teach promising young authors, whether in or out of college, how to write stories that shall be marketable as well as artistic.”

R. C. BEALE.

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A COUNTRY CHILD. By Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Company. \$1.75 net.

Instead of being a continuation of *A Country Chronicle*, this volume serves as an introduction to it and begins the story with the earliest recollections of the narrator, when he succeeded for the first time in going alone as far as the basement door. It is a detailed, realistic narrative of happenings in a small boy's life, told with humor, sympathy, and verisimilitude. The pen-and-ink drawings by George Wright are particularly attractive.

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IMMORTALITY AND THE FUTURE: THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL LIFE. By H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh; author of "Life on God's Plan." London and New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Second Edition. 1917. Pp. 248. \$1.50.

Though of Greek origin the barbarous-sounding word, eschatology, is the name of the branch of theology that deals with the "last things,"—the future life, the judgment, the coming of the Christ, and so on. In this well-wrought book, Professor Mackintosh gives us perhaps the best recent compendium in

English. Just now when death is reaping such an abundant harvest and the end of the hideous process not yet in sight, our thoughts naturally turn to the topics of this book, and we are fortunate in having a guide sane and sympathetic. In view of a recent renaissance of the cult of the "limited God," it is right timely to have our author say this: "Modern religion is in peril of drifting from Jesus' real thought of God, of keeping His revelation of boundless grace, but dropping out His faith in almighty power" (p. 177).

Another sentence, though but a little one, is an inspiring text for those who are battling for the supremacy of righteousness: "Religion is hope, and all substantial hope is religion" (p. 35). And, again, this thought is greatly worth while: "As the pages of the New Testament show, this thought, that all is moving up to the one great decision, imparts to what we do here the force and greatness of an eternal meaning" (p. 191). None of us can do better, while we are "doing our bit," than with our author to correlate these two texts: (1) "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." (2) "When ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable [mere] servants." T. P. B.

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THE SURVIVAL OF JESUS: A PRIEST'S STUDY IN DIVINE TELEPATHY. By John Huntley Skrine, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1917. Pp. 326. \$2.00.

"If there is a telepathy for mind and will, how will there not be a telepathy for the soul? If a thought of mine, grave or trivial, concerning the things of this life makes a friend or a stranger think the same; if a purpose of his sets me on to further it; then as surely if one of us has seen a vision of the holier realities or yielded to the impulse of a beneficence or a venture of faith, the other's eyes may be opened to the vision or his hand prompted to the deed. This has but to be said to be accepted; whoever admits the transference of mundane thought and action, concedes a transference of faith, which is but the exercise of the same thought and will upon the same objects, but in relation to a wider and more enduring interest. He will be ready to believe that Jesus Christ could convey life to the

men and women who companied with him by a faith-transference, or a telepathy of spirit" (pp. 92 f.). "The principle of grace in church is what telepathy is in nature. . . . That principle is that, though in the ultimate fact a soul receives its life by a direct immediate communication from Christ in God, it receives life proximately by a communication of it from Christ through the human brotherhood. This transmission of life to each individual Christian is affected by an act and condition of *self-interchange at once of Church with individual, and of Christ with both*. It is a triune communion in which the three terms interpenetrate" (pp. 225).

Although Dr. Skrine's book is far from being thoroughgoing and scientific, it marks a distinctive effort on the part of a well-known Christian mystic to rationalize his faith and at the same time deepen his devotion. He explains the resurrection phenomena by means of spiritual telepathy, following Keim's hint given many years ago, of a "telegram from heaven." Such an hypothesis is surely better than unthinking credulity, on the one hand, and naturalistic skepticism, on the other. Furthermore, the author's spirituality, fervor, and loving kindness shine through his pages. The book would be better if it had not attempted to weave together high spiritual aspirations and hypotheses with a commonplace novelette.

T. P. BAILEY.

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MENTAL ADJUSTMENTS. By Frederic Lyman Wells. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1917. Pp. xiii + 331.

This attempt to adjust the "correspondence with environment" concept to recent developments in psychology must be forgiven many things, because, as the editor of the *Conduct of Mind* Series, Professor Jastrow, puts it, Dr. Wells "as a pioneer . . . blazes his trail." Indeed, the book is but a trail, often trailing off into tangled scrub. The last chapter, on Balancing Factors, is suggestive inasmuch as it hints at the necessity of constructing a science of character.

The present writer has knowledge of a case which verifies the author's guess on page 103: "It might seem far-fetched, but it would be only using a symbol perfectly current in normal speech, to dream of a person eating bits of cloth, who in waking life

shows great talkativeness. In dream symbolisms, as in others, 'reasonableness' of the associative connection is quite superfluous."

T. P. B.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. Chronologically arranged. By Harlan Creelman. With a foreword by Frank Knight Sanders. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In distinction from other books on the Old Testament, this book "discusses and classifies the Old Testament Literature from the standpoint of history and chronology," and aims to serve as a guide to the history and literature of the Old Testament, chronologically arranged. Through such an arrangement the reader is enabled to get an intelligent understanding of the growth of ethical and religious ideas in the Old Testament, and also to appreciate the historical setting of each book. Professor Creelman's volume is intended to serve as a text-book for classes in Biblical Literature and History in colleges, universities, and theological seminaries; as a *vade mecum* for busy ministers; and as a guide for thoughtful readers in the home, who desire to avail themselves of the results of the most recent scholarly research. As Professor Sanders says in his brief foreword, "This volume makes a place for itself by its arrangement alone. . . . The arrangement of the Old Testament by periods and the critically unified consideration of each group of varied Biblical writings which chronologically belong together will greatly aid in the clear and final grasp of the essential values of those writings. No one can fully appreciate Old Testament prophecy or wisdom or law or even poetry without the cultivation and the application of the historic sense."

This introduction brings together in compact form a wealth of detail regarding each book of the Old Testament, and presents without prejudice or dogmatism the results of modern criticism. Such a thoroughgoing, painstaking study as this of Professor Creelman's is evidence that in the field of Old Testament criticism, where for so long a time the Germans have held undisputed sway, American scholars, through their superior breadth of vision and liberality of thought, are destined to assume the leadership. But after all, the book is for the specialist and the teacher rather than for the general reader.